



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLECIAN

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Contents

ARTICLES

Searching for a Christmas Poem	Norman Fisher	97
A Pioneer in Electrics	Robert Kaple	109
Emily in the Knight's Tale	Thomas Growney	114
I Enjoyed a Movie	Richard J. Trame	119

FICTION

A Real Christmas Gift	Earl Foos	102
As Sisters Go	Bernard Badke	122
A Christmas Party	P. Zeller & J. Diedrich	125

VERSE

Snow	Cyril Gaffney	96
Heavenward	William Stack	101
Christmas Bells	Robert Nemetz	108
My Pen	Henry Gzybowski	113
To the Holly Tree	Edward Gruber	118
Heed His Call	Paul Zeller	132

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	131
Exchanges	133
Book Shelf	135
Alumni	140
In the Shadow of the Towers	142
Club News Spotlight	146
Sports	149
Humor	153

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Entrance to College Campus



The
Season's Greetings

with best wishes

to

Alumni, Students
and Friends

from

The
Collegian Staff



Snow

by

Cyril Gaffney '36

From opal skies it slowly drifts
As one of Heaven's fairy gifts
To robe the earth, the high, the low
In God's great alb on Christmas morn,
The day on which His Son was born.

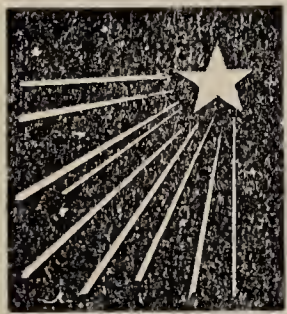
It clings to hemlock, oak, and pine
And smothers bush and hedge and vine;
It turns all things to curious shapes
Throughout the earth's long solid stretch
In ways no human hand could sketch.

It charms the hearts of old and young;
Its praises many poets sung;
It's redolent with Christmas lore
Of which it speaks in fleecy rhyme
In Winter's sweet December time.

What is more pleasing to the eye
Than snowflakes dancing in the sky?
And note their countless wondrous forms
By which they build on earth below
A frolic masonry of snow.

Searching for a Christmas Poem

● by Norman Fisher '37



Accompanying the old, yet ever new spirit of yuletide, the inevitable flood of Christmas literature bursts upon the scene with all the sudden-

ness of a squally gust of December rain. In this flood of literature, Christmas verse makes up the main current. Some of this verse is disreputable, other some is mediocre, none is very good. Seemingly the general good cheer and the thrilling joy of the Christmas season act as a tonic on many cloudy and murky imaginations and thus produce the numerous turbid flights of fancy which make up the torrent of poems that annually dot the pages of December periodicals. That the quality of the major part of this verse must be inferior is only too evident, for imaginations that lie blunt, sterile and inactive during eleven months can hardly be expected to produce literary gems in the final thirty-one days of the year.

It is indeed regrettable that so exalted a theme as the birth of Christ should be maltreated by almost every versifier who at Christmastide all of a sudden beholds in

himself the likeness of a brilliant poet. Really the great masters of the poetic art, the renowned favorites of the Muses, should have lent their skill to the portrayal of this beautiful theme in meter and rhyme more generously than they have done, but they evidently feared that this shining mark would be the objective of the fumbling hands of too many would-be poets whose company they desired to shun. Hence the celebrated bards of Mount Parnassus devoted their years to depicting the lives and exploits of the mythical heroes of old and mostly left the birthday of the one unique and outstanding personality in the world's history to the poetic vagaries of minor talents. It surely would be better if each year only one poem, instead of hundreds, were written on the event of the first Christmas, providing that this poem were raised just a little above the average run of yuletide verse.

The foregoing reflections caused me to become rather badly disgruntled and disappointed as, with Christmas in the offing, I began to search long and earnestly for a really beautiful poem in English concerning the birthday of Christ. The welter of

trashy verse-jingles I encountered in my project was thoroughly disconcerting. Many of the poems dedicated by writers of today and of the past half century to the theme of Christmas proved to be little more than somewhat fanciful parodies on the glorious narrative of the Sacred Scriptures. I was not looking for parodies; I was looking for poems with an original thought and emotional content couched in fitting poetic expression. Thoroughly vexed, I turned once more to the great poets of all times and gave them another serious look. Yet I cannot say that I was fully pleased with many of their efforts at Christmas verse.

What the Great Poets Offered

In their works, scattered through the years of the past several centuries, truly great poets have performed beautifully on almost every conceivable subject. On the theme of Christmas, however, they hardly dispelled my disappointment, though they did offer snatches here and there in their works respecting the theme I had in mind. Sir Walter Scott makes a slight digression in one of his works and alludes to Christmas, but his allusion is nothing more than a detailed description of a medieval celebration of that feast. Alfred Tennyson wrote a poem of eight stanzas presumably on Christmas, but only a single verse out of the eight bears directly on his chosen theme. Samuel T. Coleridge wrote a Christmas carol which begins with a rather pleasing para-

phrase of the story of Christ's birth as given in the Bible but quickly descends to a description of worldly warfare. Other poets of repute did little better in their Christmas conceits. Finally, I did meet with a reward for my efforts.

After days of searching through volume upon volume, I at length hit upon a jewel to my liking. As it often happens to others, so it happened to me; where least expected, I found my jewel. Hidden away among the much neglected works of that other Homer, John Milton, I discovered a magnificent tribute to the Incarnate Word of God in the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Surely this poem had to be good. Blind Milton wrote it, but he was not as yet blind when he penned this poem; rather he was in the best of physical condition and the full bloom of his poetic powers.

The Nature of the Ode

It is not the kind of poem, this "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," that may be digested at one reading. To fathom its meaning requires intensive study. Only by sharp analysis will the ideas be grasped and the emotions be communicated which it contains. It is not an effusion of tender feelings of love for the infant Christ. Genuine tender feelings had no place in the heart of the Puritanic, harsh, and melancholic John Milton, for in his religion a stern, scientific theology held the place of love. Only three times in its thirty-one stanzas does the poem give a glimpse into the

SEARCHING FOR A CHRISTMAS POEM

lowly stable where the heavenly scene was enacted which it celebrates. But those three instances are pictured with a vividness that puts the reader on the spot to see for himself and feel for himself.

To match the brilliant descriptions given in the "Ode" would require the poetic talent of another Milton. His parallel is not to be found in the English language; hence, no need searching for anything similar in Christmas poetry. The appearance of the angels, the reactions of nature, of men, of the denizens of the lower regions, and of the strange gods, the idols, to the coming of Christ and to the effects of His coming, are all portrayed in graphic figures that create a sense of stern reality. Of this reality in description, the prologue to the "Ode" is a sufficient example:

"That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
Laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house
of mortal clay."

To show that the "Ode" is not merely an allusion to the birth of Christ, but is directly concerned with this event, the sole purpose for writing it is announced in keenly classical lines:

"Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred veins
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to His new abode?"

That nature might prepare herself fittingly to receive the Infant God, she is represented in the "Ode" as hastening to robe herself in a blanket of snow that the eyes of her Maker might not behold her deformities. To complete the setting, "meek-eyed Peace, crowned in olive green," as the harbinger of Christ is featured as striking her happy note of universal joy throughout the land. At considerable length, Milton develops the agreeable fact which in reality is a marvel in history, that at the advent of Christ, peace prevailed throughout the world. A pleasant sequel this to the preceding tumultuous century, and a joyful interlude between those chaotic conditions and the troublesome disturbances following soon afterwards.

"But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

Turning his thoughts from earth to the heavens above, the poet bids all to direct their gaze towards those eternal symbols of peace, the celestial orbs. He describes the stars as standing fixed in unusual brilliancy and as refusing to retire from the glorious scene even though their

leader, the Morning Star, gives them manifold warning. Not "until the Lord Himself bespake, and bade them go," will they extinguish their lights and pass away. The sun refuses to start on his daily journey:

"And hides his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more
should need."

Approaching nearer to the earthly setting of the beautiful drama which he is describing, the poet comes upon the shepherds whose thoughts were all upon their sheep, little dreaming "that the mighty Pan was kindly come to dwell with them below." Like all nature itself, so, too, the shepherds are suddenly startled by a burst of the sweetest music floating down from the heavens to the earth, a music which brings heaven and earth into perfect harmony.

Apparently captivated in imagination by the charm of the wondrous music and song, Milton enters upon the supremely difficult task of describing his enraptured feelings. In this attempt, his fancy runs far beyond his power of words. In prophetic vision, he sees the wonderful effects of the heavenly music and song, effects, which, if only they will not cease, must surely turn time back and "fetch again the Age of Gold." Vanity will sicken soon and die. Leprous sin will melt from earthly mold, and the infernal regions themselves will pass away. Truth and justice will return to men,

and mercy, wearing the glories of the rainbow, will sit between them:

"And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her wide
palace hall."

The final scenes in the "Ode" carry the reader to Mount Olympus where the gods of old, the idols, are bent on making their exodus. The air rings with the sound of weeping and lamenting; the chill marble sweats, "while each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat." Like hunted wolves, the gods slink one by one out of their temples of fraud and deception:

"So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave."

Giving a final glance at the stable, the spot where "bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable," the "Ode" comes to an impressive and haunting conclusion which leaves within the mind of the reader the sense of an enrapturing experience.

The Rank of the Ode

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" is the greatest Christmas poem in the English language. In tenor, in visualizing scenes, in sublimity of tone, there is no other poem written on the same subject

SEARCHING FOR A CHRISTMAS POEM

in English that is even remotely comparable to it. Certainly it is regrettable that Milton found no room for the expression of the more delicate sentiments of love, tenderness, and piety. With him everything had to be glorious, and hence it is that the "Ode" stands isolated from all others of its kind framed in a glory altogether its own. In a feeling of admiration and glory, Milton recounts all the circumstances

attending Christ's birth; he tells all, which that birth signified for the world, with all that it effected for man, but he does not warm the human heart. He has left the door open for a future poet who will combine glory with piety, tenderness, and love; but until that poet arrives, the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" will stand unchallenged as the greatest Christmas poem in the English language.

Heavenward

by

William Stack '36

My weary head droops under bitter care;
Deep sorrow fills my heart with black despair;
My eyes are moist: I cannot be consoled;
A pain consumes me that cannot be told.

But heavenward,

My soul,

Look heavenward!

Thy goal

Is not so far away;

That blissful home

Where angels wait on thee;

Where shines eternal day;

Where throngs of Saints, most happy, roam

And sing a gladsome lay;

Such is thy home,

Where gone is every earthly pain.

Hence, trials of earth hold in disdain

For Eden's peace.

And when once more my head is sadly bowed in woes,

May you, my soul, enkindle heaven's holy fire

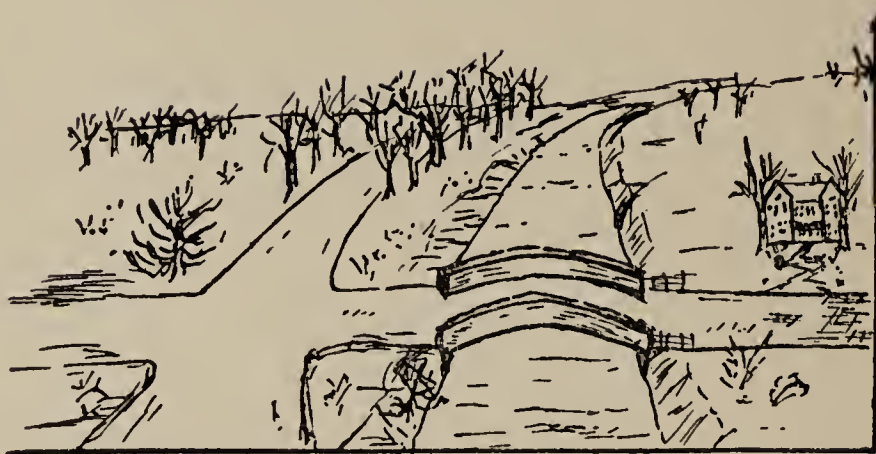
Within my bosom, till in joy it overflows

With thoughts of happiness to which I must aspire.

A Real Christmas Gift

● By Earl Foos '36

Mr. Drurey orders a family of tenants to leave a cottage belonging to him. One of the family saves the grandson of Mr. Drurey and receives the cottage as a reward.



He felt like breaking into the mansion.

WINTER reigned in quiet, yet cruel despotism. Even at mid-day, the cold bordered on the unbearable. At this hour, on the day before Christmas, an expensive looking automobile swerved through the ruts made in the snow by vehicles and stopped before a cottage located in the suburbs of a large city. From the machine emerged a man of business-like appearance, who walked up to the cottage, rapped at the door and gave an envelope to an elderly man answering the summons.

When the big machine roared away, the old cottage dweller opened the envelope, took out a piece of paper and read: "vacate this cottage by tomorrow night, or pay the rent you owe me. — Mr. Drurey." Hardly able to believe his own eyes, the old man called his wife and son to help verify the meaning of this note. For a moment the tongues of all

three were hushed in astonishment. Finally, the old man, the father of the family, regained his composure and said to his son in a quivering voice:

"Henry, go to Mr. Drurey and ask him to give us a little time, three or four days, I'll say. We don't want to get out on the street on Christmas Day and surely not in this weather."

"Have people become so miserly, just because the times are hard, that they'll throw a family out of house and home even on Christmas Day, and all because a little back rent is due?" rejoined Henry, a trifle hotly. "Of course, I'll go to Drurey," he continued, "but not to beg him for anything. I'll go to him and give him what he won't forget. I'll teach him what it means to throw his tenants out on the street on Christmas."

"Now, son, don't get angry," urged

the old man. "Remember, if you'll do something rash in this situation, you'll only make matters worse. Just because other people don't show any Christmas spirit is no reason that you should do likewise. Don't forget that Christ was denied a lodging on His birthday. Do go to Mr. Drurey and ask him to give a little time to pay the rent."

Henry was too exasperated to make a reply to these words of his father. Flinging an overcoat over his shoulders, he set out to meet Mr. Drurey. As he hurried through the snow, he felt the biting wind digging through his clothing and gnawing at his skin. At some distance he spied a gas station which seemed to be leaning against an avalanche of snow. The station was a welcome sight to him; he needed warmth, and here was his chance. A cheery fire in a small oil furnace greeted him as he entered. The warmth was so comfortable and inviting that Henry almost forgot the errand on which he was bent. He loitered there for a long time and incidentally fell to eavesdropping. In a neighboring room, to which the door was open, an interesting conversation was going on between the station attendant and another fellow. Henry could not avoid listening to their talk. The conversation involved Mr. Drurey, the man whom he was sent to meet

"That niggardly miser, Drurey," said the fellow to the station attendant, "must always be fed on flattery. But you won't catch me flattering a man of his type. Yesterday he forced

me out of my home. Of course, he expects that I'll come around fawning on him for a favor. But there'll be nothing doing as far as I am concerned. By the way, how can you put up with working for that scoundrel? This station belongs to him, doesn't it?"

"No one knows better than I do that this station is his," answered the attendant. "I'm to be ousted tomorrow. He sent me notice this afternoon to clear out within twenty-four hours. It's going to be a tough Christmas for me."

"Tough! that word fits well in my case too. Drurey has started the season for me with a tough turn," replied the other. "He appears to take delight in spoiling happiness for people at this time of the year. I'd like to do that fellow a bad turn and spoil Christmas for him."

"Not such a bad idea at all," returned the attendant. "But, let me see — you wouldn't think of laying hold of him, would you?"

"Well, no," replied the other, "not just that. But I'll say if the tiger is too hard to handle, how about the cub? You know, don't you, that Drurey has his grandson staying with him? This youngster could be kidnapped, or if not that, then perhaps — well, I saw him go out for a sleigh ride on the road running along the canal yonder just about two hours ago. I don't think he has returned. One could hardly miss hearing the sleighbells on his trotting Shetland pony even here in the station. I think ducking that youngster in the canal would just about

kill old Drurey when he hears about it, especially if the youngster doesn't come out again. What do you think?"

"Think of it? I have a score to settle with Drurey, but I don't think settlement can be made in this way. What's the use in laying hold of the boy when it is the old man we want? Besides the canal is frozen over."

"We can take an ax along to cut the ice, and what you say about getting the youngster in place of the old man himself, well, that is punishing an innocent one for the guilty, but if Drurey wanted to get you or me, would any consideration of that kind stop him?"

"No consideration would stop him!" blurted the station attendant. "To be plain with you, I'll say that I'm in with you on this prank. The road running along the canal is very secluded, and besides it's a fine evening for our stunt. It's quite dark now. We'll —"

Having overheard this conversation between the station attendant and that other fellow, Henry began to wonder what would happen. Quietly he slipped out-of-doors and hastened on his way to the mansion of Mr. Drurey. He had to go but half a mile to reach his destination. On his way he had to cross the bridge spanning the canal. As he walked over the bridge, much of the conversation he had heard in the gas station rushed to his mind. But he dismissed all other thoughts from his head in an effort to concentrate on what he would say to Mr. Drurey.

Very shortly he reached the mansion. Timidly he rang the doorbell. To his astonishment, the call at the door was answered by Mr. Drurey himself. Henry almost lost the power of speech at the sudden appearance of the man whom he cordially hated. For a moment he nearly lost his head as his blood began to boil in feelings of anger. In making an effort to control himself, he began to stammer several kindly words, but they were not the words he felt like using. Mr. Drurey interrupted him sharply by asking:

"Did you bring the money for the back rent? If you did not, then get out of here and get out of the cottage, and that on tomorrow."

"But, sir —"

Henry's words were cut short as the door slammed in his face. This harsh treatment at the hands of Mr. Drurey made him see "red" for an instant. He felt like breaking into the mansion and throttling the old miser. But there was nothing to be done. Slowly he walked out to the street. The thought now came to his mind how utterly disappointed his parents would be at finding that he had not even obtained an extension of time for at least a day or two from Mr. Drurey. For more than half an hour he walked back and forth on the street near the Drurey mansion not knowing what to do. Then, resolving to let his parents know the worst, he made for home.

As he re-crossed the bridge over the canal, his mind was too preoccupied with worry and chagrin to

allow any other thoughts outside of those concerning his own misery and the misery of his parents to bother him. But a faint noise like chopping on the ice made him turn his head involuntarily and look up the length of the canal. He could not see far as it was dark now. As he reached the road which flanked the canal, he stopped for a moment. The noise of chopping arrested his attention. Like a flash the words he had overheard in the gas station came back to him. He thought of walking in the direction of the noise and see what was going on. The road, however, was unlighted and lonely. Tall shrubbery growing on one side of it, though now barren of leaves, made travel on that road look dangerous and forbidding at night. But curiosity brought on excitement. Henry now recalled very clearly what had been said in the gas station about Mr. Drurey's grandson going for a sleigh ride on that evening. Could the chopping really have anything to do with the plans talked over by the two men at the gas station hardly more than two hours ago? He determined to see for himself.

Trying as best he could to be noiseless in his step, Henry proceeded up the road in the direction of the chopping. As he approached the spot whence the sound came, the clank of the ax on the ice became louder and louder. Presently the chopping ceased. Henry, thinking that he heard voices, stood still to listen. Through the bleary light he noticed what appeared to be the

forms of men scurry away into the shrubbery. Stealthily he advanced a few steps further. There stood the Shetland pony hitched to a sleigh. Near the brink of the canal lay the body of a boy seemingly lifeless. Shocked by what he saw beyond knowing what to do, he stood as if frozen with fear while looking at the body of the boy. After recovering from his initial surprise, he looked out over the canal. There near a large hole in the ice lay the ax. Who had been using it? He was helped in his guess by the words that recurred to his mind, "If the tiger is too fierce to handle, how about the cub?" These words he had heard at the gas station. Had the two men whose conversation he had picked up acted so quickly? Could the boy be Mr. Drurey's grandson? The one thought which came to his mind was to hurry away from the scene as quickly as possible and say nothing about it to anybody. But his sympathy for the boy overcame his fear. What if the boy were not dead, but only stunned? Probably he could be saved. With this idea in mind, he went to the sleigh, got the heavy laprobe and snugly tucked the body of the boy into it, but let the body lie on the spot where he had found it. What to do next worried him greatly. He had no clinching evidence, in spite of all that he had heard and seen, that the boy was Mr. Drurey's grandson. He might, furthermore, be accused of complicity in this affair. But come what might, he felt that he must act.

Without hesitating any longer, Henry now quickly ran back to the mansion of Mr. Drurey and rang the doorbell with breathless impatience. This time a manservant answered the call. Henry explained as briefly as he could to this fellow why he had come. Without even taking time to put on wraps, the manservant hurried along with Henry to the scene of what evidently was foul play. Upon arriving at the place, the manservant instantly recognized the boy as being Mr. Drurey's grandson. He picked up the limp bundle of humanity and carried it to the sleigh. Impatiently he insisted that Henry should drive back with him to the mansion. At first Henry refused to come along, but the manservant finally prevailed upon him to come, assuring him that it would be the better course to take.

When the manservant and Henry carried the body of the boy into the mansion and summoned Mr. Drurey, it soon became plain to everyone that nothing more was needed to ruin the joys of Christmas for that hard-fisted old fellow. He gave way to a paroxysm of grief, but still retained enough presence of mind to command that a physician be called. The physician quickly put in his appearance, and after a brief examination declared the boy was not dead, but only slugged. This was comforting news to Mr. Drurey, who now turned to Henry and demanded that he remain to be questioned by the police. Henry had expected as much, but he had no reasons to fear any questioning. In

a short time, two policemen came to the mansion. They questioned Henry in the presence of Mr. Drurey. Henry on his part told the entire story involving the men at the gas station. The policemen then took him out to the spot where he had discovered the boy. By the aid of flashlights they saw tracks of men leading into the shrubbery and saw also the hole in the ice and the ax lying aside of it. After they had made a close search of things, they returned to the mansion. Here the policemen assured Mr. Drurey of the innocence of Henry in connection with the attack made on the boy and proved, furthermore, that if Henry had not been bold enough to follow the clue which he had picked up, the boy would now be dead in the icy waters of the canal. To these statements of the policemen, Mr. Drurey replied:

"Thank God, that the boy was not thrust into the water under the ice. I am greatly pleased with the notice given me by my physician that my grandson has been thoroughly revived from the slugging and will recover from the effects. But I ask you men as officers of the law that you will leave no stone unturned in trying to trace the men who sought to commit so vile a crime against me and my grandson. A liberal reward will be yours for capturing these men."

Then turning to Henry, Mr. Drurey continued: "My good young man, I must ask your pardon for treating you gruffly. You have saved the life of my grandson. I

A REAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

am pleased with your kindness in this matter. You shall have your reward at once. By this piece of writing, I transfer the cottage in which you are living to you and to your parents as a Christmas gift. You may go now, but I shall let you hear from me tomorrow. Goodbye."

As Henry walked out to the street, the church bells rang for midnight services. He decided not to go home, but to go to the parish church where he knew his parents would attend the Christmas-night Mass. He felt profoundly happy in the thought that his mission to Mr. Drurey had proved successful and could hardly wait to break the good news to his parents. In the church, where services had already commenced, he edged up to his father and mother and informed them briefly that all was well with their home. On his way back from the church, Henry began to detail his remarkable and exciting experience to his parents and friends, but he kept the writing which Mr. Drurey had given him concealed until he was at home alone with his father and mother. Again Henry's parents could hardly believe their own

eyes when they saw the writing sent by Mr. Drurey. Not even a day passed since that gentleman had come to the cottage with a stern order telling them to get out of their home; now the home was theirs, as the writing showed — theirs to keep. Overcome with joy, Henry's father said to him:

"Son, I told you that kindness always goes farther with people than anger and harshness. Kindness is Christian; harshness comes from the evil one. Your kindness has brought a real Christmas gift."

Later in the day Mr. Drurey's big machine roared up to the cottage once more. This time the manservant whom Henry had met came to the door and presented an invitation to the family to come to the mansion for a Christmas dinner. The invitation was accepted. At that dinner the topics of conversation were the real Christmas gift and the health of Mr. Drurey's grandson. Where at first bitterness prevailed, smiles were now in order, and Christmas Day was a happy occasion in both the cottage and the mansion.





Bringing Myrrh with Frankincense and Gold

Christmas Bells

by

Robert Nemetz '38

Christmas Bells are ringing —
Shepherds now are bringing
To the dreary stall,
To the Lord of all,
Lambs with fleece of snowy white
For the Lord and God of Light.

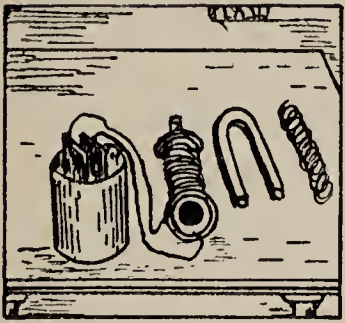
Christmas Bells are ringing —
Magi now are bringing
To the dreary stall,
To the Lord of all,
Myrrh with Frankincense and Gold
As the prophets had foretold.

Christmas Bells are ringing —
Tiny children bringing
To the dreary stall,
To the Lord of all,
Little hearts all filled with love
For the Infant from above.

Christmas Bells are ringing —
Pious faithful bringing
To the dreary stall,
To the Lord of all,
Gifts of joy and holy prayer
For the Christ-child resting there.

A Pioneer in Electrics

● By Robert Kaple '36



IT is a far cry from the frog legs that jumped in Galvani's saucepan to the wire cage in which Michael Faraday enclosed himself to prove that an electric charge will not enter the inside of a conductor. Galvani, who lived from 1737 to 1798, discovered, quite as accidentally as Mme. Curie discovered the light emitted by radium, that by putting metal in connection with frog legs an electric current could be obtained. But not quite so accidentally did Faraday proceed in his experiment with his wire cage. From his own investigation, he knew beforehand what the result would be. Other personally conducted experiments had taught him what to expect as he went into his wire cage, for he had done pioneering work in electrics much like that of Galvani before he permitted himself to be couped up with danger hovering all around him.

His Early Life

That Faraday, the son of a traveling blacksmith, should rise to

scientific fame from the obscure position of a bookbinder's assistant is not a little astonishing. But there are other things in his long life from 1791 to 1867 that are equally as startling as his manner of rising to fame and as his wonderful discoveries. The first of these is that he came from almost illiterate parents; the second, that throughout his career he knew little or nothing about mathematics. The latter fact is indeed most remarkable, for, as is generally admitted in the domain of chemistry and physics, a well grounded knowledge of mathematics is of primary importance. But what Faraday lacked in mathematical skill he made up in experimental ability. Unlike most scientists who regard a knowledge of numbers as the basis of their theories and then apply the test of experiment, he possessed a mind that worked almost independently of this knowledge. Time after time, as some inner sense would suggest the possibility of a physical truth to him, he would proceed at once to the test of the laboratory, and time after time the results proved that his ideas were correct.

Again there are many who ad-

here to the supposition that economic environment determines the character and ability of a man. These people would do well to read the early life of Faraday, and thus find out for themselves what a dismal atmosphere of poverty surrounded his years of youth. When he was but five years old, the ill health of his father and the economic depression of the time forced the family to apply for public relief. This wretched condition implied that young Faraday's portion of food would be one loaf of cornbread which had to last him for a week. At the age of thirteen, he got his first taste of the business world. A certain Mr. Riebau, whose trade it was to rent out important papers that were gathered by him and bound at his shop, now employed Faraday as an errand boy whose job it was to distribute these papers to customers. In this work the young future scientist must have been as conscientious and as exact as he was later on in his laboratory experiments, for his employer soon took him as an apprentice in the bookbinder's business without asking from him the regular stipend that was usually required from those who desired to learn that trade. Gradually he came to hate the trade, but it was here that he first felt the call of science.

His Self-Education

As this work of bookbinding naturally brought Faraday into intimate contact with books, his genius for science began to develop. He

had no money with which to buy books, hence it was that he took the chance to read books as he bound them. Among the works that fell into his hands in the course of his employment were Watt's "Improvement of the Mind," and Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Chemistry." The knowledge he gained by reading these works only increased his desire for scientific discovery. On odds and ends of apparatus, he soon spent what few pennies he could earn in order that he might be able to conduct scientific experiments at home. Happily for Faraday, his older brother now gave him the money required to attend a series of lectures delivered by Mr. Tatum, a scientist of some repute at the time. He made copious notes of these lectures and vividly illustrated them by drawings. Later he bound these notes, together with the drawings, into four volumes. These volumes are still preserved and show clearly how deeply interested Faraday was in scientific matters even in the years of his youth. While attending these lectures, he, furthermore, found occasion to meet people whose tastes were similar to his own, and from that time forward, the knowledge he had gained and the society he befriended made the bookbinding business an outright drudgery to him.

Fortunately a chance now came to Faraday to attend four lectures given by the renowned scientist, Sir Humphry Davy, at the Royal Institution in London. The conse-

A PIONEER IN ELECTRICS

quence of this favor for the younger scientist was an ever increasing dislike for the dull bookbinding trade in which he was engaged. Heavyheartedly — almost in despair — he now addressed an appeal to the President of the Royal Institution for assistance. The letter was never answered. Likely, the President never even read it. But rebuffs could not disconcert Faraday. If others would not help him, he would help himself. He had the stuff in him out of which successful men are made.

A definite turning point in Faraday's life now came when he was confronted by the time-absorbing duties of a journeyman in the bookbinder's trade. The long hours imposed by his new position made him realize that the leisure time eagerly devoted to private scientific study would be taken away from him altogether. To save himself from being swallowed up by the world of business, he decided to write to Sir Humphry Davy and give this excellent man an inkling of what might be done for a striving young scientist. In order to make his appeal telling, Faraday sent the notes and drawings which he had made of the lectures as given by Davy with his letter. His unquestioned ability, as evidenced by these notes and drawings, gained him an interview with the older scientist.

His Rise to Fame

At length, luck came his way. Closely following his appeal to Sir Humphry Davy, the position of as-

sistant in the laboratory at the Royal Institution became vacant. Evidently through the influence of Mr. Davy, this position now came to Faraday. The work he had to do in this newly-found employment was not the most attractive. But keeping apparatus clean and assisting at lectures was only the menial side of it. The other side of his work, the more glorious, consisted in waiting on men of scientific attainments and associating with them. A rapid rise from the menial side of his employment was not unexpected in the case of so intelligent a young man as Faraday. Very soon Sir Humphry Davy engaged him as assistant on a lecture tour. For the young scientist, this privilege was enviable. It implied that he would see other countries outside of his home land, England, and that he would have the chance to meet many of the greatest scientific thinkers of Europe. The advantages which he derived from this tour with Mr. Davy, as Faraday himself admitted, were of incalculable value for him.

The tour being completed, Faraday resumed his duties at the Royal Institution and continued his work of experimenting. Slowly but surely he was making a name for himself. Quite suddenly, he received an invitation to deliver an address on the "Properties of Matter" before the City Philosophers Society of London, a society of which he was a member. Though he took pardonable pride in answering this invitation, he did not allow

success to go to his head. To rest content on the laurels he had won was not in him, not any more than to accept an average knowledge of science as a satisfactory objective. He continued experimenting unceasingly in his humble way. Very gradually these experiments formed themselves into a starting point for a series of lifelong researches. His next effort centered in producing papers on "New Compounds of Chlorine and Carbon" and on "The New Compounds of Iodine, Carbon, and Hydrogen." These discourses were the direct cause of his rise in esteem before the Institution.

At length the hour arrived which brought to Faraday such outstanding success that he gained undying fame. Experiments in electrics conducted before the Royal Institution by Oersted and Ampere excited the wildest curiosity. Then along came a Doctor Wollaston, who bungled badly before the Institution in this work and brought doubt, ridicule, and disgrace upon his own work as well as upon the work of able scientists. Faraday, who viewed all successful experiments with delight, was so deeply chagrined at Wollaston's failure that he at once took up an intensive study of the subject of electrics in the hope to succeed where the Doctor had failed. Having carefully proceeded in his undertaking, he finally applied the test of the laboratory to his theories and conclusions only to find them thoroughly correct in every detail. As a reward for his efforts, the position of superintendent of the Roy-

al Institution was now accorded to him. In this capacity, Faraday found it possible to follow out his future experiments in company with the best scientific minds in his own country, England, and throughout Europe. Personally, he made such progress in research and experiment that older scientists began to wonder at the ingenuity and skill which he displayed. Phenomenal discoveries in the realm of electrics came to grace his name and made it a household word in the vocabulary of every student of physics.

To give only a superficial account of Faraday's discoveries in his chosen field of labor, namely, electrics, would require many pages. It will suffice to show what service he rendered by referring to his capital discovery in this field — the discovery of electrical induction. Later scientists took up this discovery, and ultimately it resulted in the construction of the huge dynamos and motors that are not only an indispensable convenience, but an outright necessity, in modern industry and in the lighting of streets and homes. Hence it is that modern science, social convenience, and the up-building of industry owe a vast debt of gratitude to the tireless genius of Faraday. Had it not been for his painstaking inventions and researches, the advent of practically applied electricity might have been deferred to a day far beyond the present time. Happily for electrical science, things were to take a more propitious turn through the help of one who was almost a mere waif

A PIONEER IN ELECTRICS

in his childhood, who was poverty-stricken in his youth, who, as a young man, was employed in work distasteful to him, yet, who, in spite of handicaps, has come to be properly called "the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen."

My Pen

by

Henry Gzybowski '36

O wisely write on,
Slave of my thoughts!
Thou art simple, thyself a nothing;
But in the master's hand, a power
Ever poignant
To put the rapier's thrust to nought.
Pen of thought,
The written mind,
Thy scope is all sweeping.
The destiny of nations,
Pen, thou instrument of spirit,
Obeys thy will
Whose freakish whims may shift its fortunes.
Still continue thou
By scourge and joy
To employ all means in gaining favor.
But, hark! One truth thou must abide —
Eternal truth, which man oft tries
To lay aside.
But write thou wisely on,
Thou Pen of thought;
Heed no commands but such as truth
May lay on thee.

Emily in The Knight's Tale

● By Thomas Growney '36

MUST not men greet with bowing admiration that mystically, endearing quality in the best of women which they cannot hope to realize in their own lives? That such a quality exists in the best of women, Chaucer witnesses in the person of Emily as portrayed in "The Knight's Tale." Though men may at times be completely wafted away into angelic realms by the hidden charms of worthy women, yet, by the force of a curious irony, these women seem never to be aware of the heart-throbs excited by their charms. Thus Emily is totally innocent of the stir she is creating in the bosoms of two gallant men. She has no designs on them whatsoever. Like a fairy, she goes about pursuing her own whims. The magnetic charm, however, over which she possesses no control, does its work quietly, as quietly, in fact as gravity itself. Though there is no question of falling bodies here; there is a question of falling hearts joined in blood, in friendship, in misery, yet falling — falling out because Emily is a woman.

"The beauty of the lady that I see
There in that garden, pacing to
and fro,

Is cause of all my crying and my
woe.

I know not if she's woman or goddess;
But Venus she is verily, I guess."

"What fools those mortals be!" This is not the first, nor the only instance in literature, which tells how badly gallants have lost their heads about women. Conquerors have lost their heads about Cleopatra; nations have lost their heads about Helen of Troy. In the name of religion, virtue, and patriotism most cruel wrongs have been inflicted on people when, because of these matters, there was no reason for punishing them. But the keenest pains have been inflicted upon individual men by the charms of women, at least, so it must be supposed, if the harrowing tales dating from the palmy days of knighthood merit any faith. These charms, of course, were not responsible in themselves for the ill fate which they produced, but those who used them to embroil others cannot always be absolved from guilt. In favor of women, it must be observed, however, that most of the quarrels excited by their charms are not to be attributed to any fault on the part of

women themselves. These quarrels are frequently the product of masculine stupidity. Like Emily herself, most women are as innocent of the pains they perchance inflict by their charms as is a sleeping angel of the racket made by demons who happen to get a glimpse at the dormant beauty.

Emily's Influence in the Tale

The influence which Emily exerts in "The Knight's Tale" proceeds from the passion of love which she altogether unwittingly awakens in the hearts of Palemon and Arcite. It is the old story — old already in Chaucer's day — of blind love creating a brilliant frame for thoroughly human activities. Emily is the embodiment of that love, but she does nothing towards directing its operations outside of playing the part of a mere carrier. It is in her personality that the blind force, love, takes root, grows, blossoms to perfection, only to produce the fruit of strife as it has done so often in times past and does so with undiminished cunning in times present. Passions are one and all blind in what they seek, and the blindest among them is love. Only he who will cope in manly wise with both the blind and the blindest among passions may hope to emerge from the struggle a more perfect and respectable self. It is idle in the face of the manifestation of any passion and of love in particular to ask questions based on reason, just as idle as it would be for the rainbow to put questions about its color to its

component parts, light, water, and dust. There is no "why and wherefore" in regard to the choice made or the road taken especially by love. The combat ensuing between Palemon and Arcite, as instigated incidentally by Emily very clearly illustrates that melancholy and sad phase of the human heart which reckons with no discouragement, despair, or destruction, once it is set in pursuit of the object for which it pines and craves. Emily's influence is hence reduced to being a purveyor of the passion which incites all the action of the tale, but she in no wise has control over the situation.

If literature may be regarded as a true reflection of human life, then this story which revolves about the person of Emily and embraces the fate of two others, while ominously determining the ruin of one of these, must be stamped as truly literary, for it is built upon a thoroughly human experience. The more nearly and correctly a literary work traces the manifestation of passion the more truly will it have literary merit, for then it deals with human life at its center. This is precisely the case with "The Knight's Tale." In it the passion of love is portrayed from its nebulously slumbering embers to its outburst into a bright and fierce fire which seeks its fuel in valor and deeds of knightly heroism. Certainly, it may appear very unnatural to any one living in modern times that a joust or tournament should decide the winning of a fair lady's hand, but the passion

of love has not now and never did have any fixed formulas for obtaining the object of its craving. Whether the methods employed to attain its end be freakish or normal, makes no difference to the passion of love. In the days when knighthood was in flower, love was the leader, and valor was the follower in all affairs of the heart. On this basis, Chaucer constructed his tale; and, though he made of Emily nothing more than a bone of contention, he endowed her with those charms of personality which made her, even if altogether innocently, the abiding influence in motivating the action of the story.

Emily's Real Function

As silently as a spider spins its web to ensnare victims, so the plot of "The Knight's Tale" is woven about the person of Emily. All unsuspectingly, she is hopelessly entangled. She cannot be said to be more a partner to the weaving of the plot than is a fly blindly caught in the meshes of the web spread for it. But the web is not woven for her destruction; it is intended to bring her the noble honors belonging to the first lady of a daring and courageous Christian knight. Her own deeds add nothing to her success; what glory comes to her is due to her own little, personal self alone. She is the pivot, the axis, the center of the story, but she carries no weight. She is, however, a weight to the hearts of others. To be just the kind of weight as will make the hearts of others throb and flutter is her sole function in the tale. That

of her own accord, she offers a gentle, little prayer to obtain pardon for the knights from her father is merely a faint indication that she is really alive.

As a specimen of a thoroughly celestial woman, Chaucer could not have drawn a better one than Emily. She is too high-minded to tolerate the flattery of men, and like Rosaline and Desdemona, she is to be won by heroism alone and not by any of the suitor's arts. Chaucer has placed her among those really true women whose sense of divineness in life makes them overlook everything gross and material. He has made of Emily a gem in the crown of his poetizing passion, and to make the gem sparkle, he has surrounded her with the radiant idealism of youth and buoyancy of spirit. He speaks of her in such connotative terms as flower, rose, golden head — words intended to suggest superior beauty.

"She sauntered back and forth and
through each close,
Gathering many a flower, white and
red,
To weave a delicate garland for her
head;
And like a heavenly angel's was her
song."

One can hardly think that a poet, after creating so rare a beauty as Emily, could make of her nothing more than a mere pellet in the rattle drum of passion; but Chaucer has done just this with her and nothing more. For an instant, Emily's father

is represented as being minded to make her act a part when he suggests that she must reconcile the opposing candidates for her hand. But Chaucer found it easier to wave this matter aside by keeping Emily a delicate waxen figure than to permit her to advance to the role of actress. He would allow her to be a fairy, to break friendship, to provoke combat, to be a suitable prize for a winning contestant, but he would not allow her to have her own will, to plan her own actions, or to set aims and objectives for herself. In all respects innocent and dependent, Emily might well have been surprised to find herself the storm center of thundering and tilting knights, even as was the roughly sketched peasant girl, Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom old Don Quixote offered his sudden and flattering devotions.

Is Emily a Character?

The foregoing considerations will readily suggest the query as to whether Emily may be placed among the characters which Chaucer presents so numerous in "The Canterbury Tales." To bring this point to an issue, the qualities of characters must be considered. Self-will motivated by the impulses of passion is the fundamentally distinguishing feature of a character. Once an aim or a purpose is placed before a character, neither adversity, nor any combination of misfortunes can break his will. Such, at least, is the true character, the kind exhibited in Shake-

speare's Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Brought into company with these determined personages, Emily melts away like wax before the flame. Indeed, one need not leave the company of Palemon and Arcite, her suitors, to discover reasons for saying that Emily is not a character, but only a type. In the actions of the two knights, one perceives stern resolution, ultimate purpose, and a ruthless design to win the contest. No considerations of friendship, of pity, or of conscience can restrain them from pursuing the object of their desires. A commanding passion, such as is displayed by Palemon and Arcite, constitutes the very soul of character. Once this kind of passion has been stirred to action, it will not rest until it meets with either victory or defeat. Nothing of this sublime or soul-stirring quality is evident in Emily. She is a type of sweetness, of gentleness, of sympathy, and one must be content to behold these qualities in her and be satisfied with liking them. She cannot embody the interest of the story, for interest demands action. The action that arouses interest is furnished by Palemon and Arcite and that in such measure that one's admiration grows for each of them as the conflict rages between them, and in the glow of admiration for their prowess, one finds it impossible to glory more in the victor than in the loser.

"— Arcite and Palemon,
Who furiously fought as two boars
do;

The bright swords went in circles
to and fro
So terribly, that even their least
stroke
Seemed powerful enough to fell an
oak."

Compared to the daring and courage of the dueling knights, Emily's puppet-like position in the tale reduces her practically to the menial office of a space-filler, or rather to that of a target at which the contestants aim, but which of itself does nothing towards helping any one of them to hit the mark. It is not given her to excite wonder or astonishment; it is her duty only to excite a sense of loveliness. She is good — too good — a real character has flaws; she has none.

Hence, the position which Emily

holds in the beautiful "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer is that of a gem used to give radiance and sparkle to the scene. Certainly, she is the center of the action, but she herself does not act. She is like the firebrand which causes a conflagration, but is not the conflagration itself. She is a fairy whose appearance drops poison in the eyes of beholders and causes even friends to see red. She is like the rose whose perfume vanishes without a trace. She leaves a lingering sense of beauty in the mind, but she exerts no gripping influence such as will evoke enthusiasm and inspire lasting admiration. But she serves as a handy peg on which Chaucer hangs the incidents of his story, and in that capacity she serves her purpose excellently.

To The Holly Tree

by

Edward Gruber '37

Throughout the spring and summer long
I searched for beauty everywhere;
And Nature quelled my longing sighs
For happiness, with bounty rare.
But Winter with his deadly breath
Stole life and joy and song from me.
I searched for beauty everywhere,
And you alone have heard my plea.

To this the Holly Tree replied:
"I was before you day by day,
But gnomes and fairies hid my sight.
Now they are gone, but flaming bright
I rise to warm your yuletide heart:
A merry Christmas is my part."

I Enjoyed a Movie

● By Richard J. Trame '36

A love that listened to nothing save the passionate whisperings of two hearts proved to be great enough, daring enough, to make "Smilin' Through" the most poignant 'talkie' melodrama of the past decade. This romantic love-story was so normal in its setting, so strong in its appeal, so sublime in its motive that it rose in triumph over every obstacle, even over the black demon of hate itself. The clean and beautiful manifestation of love in this movie induced the people in the audiences of the United States to demand that this picture should be brought back to the American screen.

The versatile Leslie Howard, the handsome Frederic March, and the irresistible Norma Shearer joined hands in this play to produce an aesthetic portrayal of a noble human emotion. By their superb naturalness in acting as shown in this cinema, these three have carved a niche of fame for themselves in the hall of theatrical stardom. Their effort and their ability certainly call for this reward and richly deserve it as movie-goers the world over will readily testify.

In the grief shown by Sir John

Clare (Leslie Howard) while standing in the rain at the grave of his beloved wife, Moonyeen, all who witness "Smilin' Through" see themselves confronted by the cause of that heart-breaking sorrow from which there is no escape in this world. The sense of irreparable loss is so vividly reflected on the features and in the actions of Mr. Howard that a feeling of deepest sympathy stirs the hearts of the audience into compassion with his suffering. Closely following the burial of his beloved wife, as if the sorrow accompanying the direst bereavement were not sufficient to crush a man, the painful news is relayed to Mr. Howard, who impersonates Sir John Clare, that his esteemed sister-in-law and her husband have been taken by death. As a relief to this other and very sudden blow of misfortune, a certain Doctor Owen is introduced who suggests to the grief-sick Sir John Clare that an orphan, Kathleen, be taken into the Clare mansion. The suggestion is met with an emphatic refusal, but the Doctor, nevertheless, sends the lovable orphan child into Sir John's room. The meeting between the aristocratic Sir John and the cheer-

ful little orphan girl is like the meeting of warmth and cold, with the warmth of sweetness and innocence left as the victor in the clash.

The lesson in human kindliness and generosity which now follows upon the gracious acceptance of the orphan, Kathleen, into the gorgeous home of Sir John Clare is worth all the effort put into the production of this particular picture. If those whom life has favored with earthly goods, though they may have experienced the taste of the bitter cup of personal grief, should not overlook sharing their means with others who are in need and distress and fully helpless besides, then the favor shown by Sir John to the orphan, Kathleen, is a lesson deserving attention.

But the road through life has its by-paths. The best of intentions will not always be able to close the side-trails that link up with this road. Kathleen, the orphan, (Norma Shearer) grows up to beautiful young womanhood in the Clare mansion. Naturally she comes to be the chief object of Sir John Clare's fatherly care and love. Her innocent pranks and childish courtships are clearly amusing to her wealthy guardian. On her part Kathleen endeavors to reciprocate in fullest measure the kindness shown to her. This mutual attachment existing between Sir John and Kathleen is depicted by Mr. Howard and Miss Shearer respectively with such consummate skill that the effect puts the audience under the impression for the moment that life is truly

a bed of roses. It is a beautiful example of what life should be in a home if only it could be made to match up to this ideal. But the seamy side of life soon comes on the scene. Kathleen takes a by-path branching from the smooth road of her existence in a matter of the heart, and Sir John, her guardian, again faces gloomy days of trouble.

Quite unexpectedly, Kathleen, now a full grown young woman, meets Kenneth Wayne (Frederic March). At once all the glitter of youthful romance ensues. But when Sir John is informed of the identity of Kathleen's suitor, his rage knows no bounds. His anger deeply wounds Kathleen's feelings. Briefly he tells Kathleen that Kenneth Wayne is the son of Jeremy Wayne, who at one time was a rival wooer for the hand of Moonyeen. Jeremy's suit, however, was rejected. He then continues to tell how he came to be the lucky man who took Moonyeen to wife, and how their wedding ceremony was interrupted by Jeremy Wayne, who, as it were by accident, kills Moonyeen. Hence, with blazing eyes and clenched fists, he lets Kathleen know that the courtship between her and Kenneth Wayne, the son of a murderer, must cease.

For a young woman to choose between one who is not even her father, but who has been kind as a father to her, and a young man whom she loves is so difficult that a real quandary is the result. But Kathleen is so dutiful and submissive in her attachment for Sir John that she accepts his decision.

I ENJOYED A MOVIE

Later on Kenneth Wayne is called to the colors. Before leaving for the butchery of the battlefield, he makes his way once more to the Clare mansion to see the girl whom he loves. Though Kathleen is overjoyed to meet him and even makes bold to tell Sir John Clare of her intended marriage with Kenneth, the old man will not relent even when confronted by the evident fondness existing between the two young people. Kenneth leaves for the front, and Kathleen is lonely in her sorrow and tears.

As with many young men who answered the call to the colors, so it happened with Kenneth. He is crippled for life. When he returns after a three-year's absence, he is no longer the debonair youth of pre-war days. Kathleen takes occasion to meet him, and in the exuberance of her joy she takes no note of his injuries, but merely gives vent to her love which for three years had been held in choking check. Kenneth, though cheerful, answers her numerous queries with merely indifferent replies. In halting words he explains to her that he is about to leave for America. His words stab Kathleen to the very soul. She feels the blazing moment of sadness affecting a lifetime of sacrifice — sacrifice that flamed with visions she could never forget and with a love she could never, never experience again.

The scene showing this meeting between Kathleen and Kenneth is the climax of the picture. It is a scene so impressively dramatic that no one who has witnessed the film will likely forget its heart-rending effect. Norma Shearer and Frederic March reach the height of their dramatic powers in this scene. They leave nothing to be desired. Their facial expressions, their actions, their words rival anything that the movie or stage has to offer.

With broken heart Kathleen returns home and pours out her aching heart to Sir John. The grey old man now realizes that his hatred of Kenneth Wayne has brought real misery to the one he loves. With fatherly affection, he urges Kathleen to rush after Kenneth and detain him. She follows his bidding, but upon returning to the Clare mansion with Kenneth, she finds to her amazement that Sir John has fallen into the happy sleep of eternal companionship with his beloved Moonyeen.

From prelude to finish, the picture, "Smilin' Through" presents a stormy warfare among the emotions of love, pity, sympathy, and humor. It belongs to the greatest and the best of film productions. Life is its theme, and life gives it lasting popularity.

As Sisters Go

● Bernard Badke '37

Buck's sister, Peggy, scares him at a basket-ball game by mentioning the danger of fire in their home. They leave for their home only to find that all is well. Buck takes sweet revenge on Peggy.

IT was the Saturday night before Christmas, the most exciting night of the holiday season. For one thing there was no studying. For another the far-touted Fairdell-Lakeview basket-ball game was to be played. Time had not been as healing oil in the age-old rivalry between the two teams. It had merely served as a grindstone to whet the knife of competition. These clashes meant much to Buck Swetemore. Because of them, attending college became a pleasure, and the living of life a whirlpool of happiness.

H a v i n g hurriedly bathed he donned his best suit with meticulous care. Struggling with his tie he called out, "Hey Sis, are you ready?"

No response.

Once his neckwear was in order he tried again, "C'mon Peg, it's ten to eight now, and you know the game starts at eight."

"Just a minute," sang out the finely toned voice of his sister.

Buck spent a few minutes growling about the slowness of girls in general, and Peggy's extreme tardiness in particular.

"Hurry up, will you?" he shouted with growing impatience. "I want to see the whole game."

Each tick of the clock seemed an eternity. At last Peggy Swetemore descended the stairs. Even Buck was not entirely unconscious of the charming picture she presented in her furs.

With a muffled exclamation Buck said, "Wait a minute, I left my wallet in my other trousers. Be down in a second."

"There you go, blaming me for being late when you are ten times worse than I." Inescapable feminine logic, this!

These words in normal conditions were the signal for a characteristic brother-and-sister quarrel, in which Buck and Peggy too often indulged. Peggy's icy tones crossed in argument with Buck's gruff retorts until they arrived at the gym. Fortunate were they to find fairly good seats. In a relatively short time the teams appeared and soon the fray was under fire.

It was a bang-up start. Both teams were dropping seemingly im-

possible shots from every angle of the floor. At half, the score was 19 to 12 against Fairdell. Late in the second half Fairdell tied the score, 28-28. Then the Fairdell fans went wild with enthusiasm over their Alma Mater's sudden comeback. Buck was at the stage of near insanity. Suddenly Peggy pulled him to his seat.

"What's the matter? I can't see when I'm sitting down."

"Oh Buck, I just happened to think! Did you turn off the hot-water heater?"

"I turn it off?" Why I asked you to do it, because I was afraid of being late," replied Buck.

There is no use in arguing with a sister at a basketball game. For such a battle undivided attention is required, and who is the basketball fan that can take his attention from a hard fought, clean game? Despite the malevolent glare he gave his sister, Buck was really apprehensive. Under these circumstances there was only one alternative, hurry home and attempt to save the pieces.

With murder in his heart and Peggy by his side, Buck stopped a passing taxi. As they sped homeward a picture of a demolished house and charred ruins passed through their minds. Buck had lit the heater at five o'clock, it was now nine. In that time the tank could easily have overheated and burst.

In the distance a siren wailed. Visions of fire engines surrounding the house with Chief Garreny at the head, flew through Buck's and Peggy's minds. As the cab turned into

their street, they breathed a sigh of relief for all was quiet as usual.

Jumping from the cab and leaving Peggy to settle the charges, Buck rushed to the door. At any moment he expected to hear a terrific explosion. Naturally the house key had to stick, but after a few frenzied tugs he opened the door.

Buck dashed down the steps into the basement with Peggy at his heels. One glance showed everything to be normal. The heater was as cold as ice.

"Oh!" came a thin, very small voice behind him, "I remember now, I turned the heater off before we left."

"Well, if you aren't a chump!" exploded Buck, "My bright, young sister, pulls me away from the most important game of the season because of a loss of memory! Oh my! oh my!"

"Buck, I'm so sorry, truly I am," pleaded Peggy. Tears welled in her brown eyes.

Buck glowered. He glanced around the basement. His eyes chanced upon a dressed pig roasting size hanging from a wire.

"What's the beast, there?" he asked.

"A roast pig! for our Christmas dinner." The tension was leaving Peggy's voice.

"Roast pig! Of all the cracked ideas! What have you been reading now?"

"It was recommended in the recipe column of the 'Times,'" replied Peggy with a wise little pucker, "I do chickens well enough, so I thought

I'd like to try something different."

"You better stick to chicken," advised Buck in a surly voice.

"I like something new, and I just know that I can roast a piggy in English style. It will make the day seem more like Christmas."

During this talk an idea was gradually shaping itself in Buck's mind. He sensed opportunity for revenge.

"Let's go up. May as well turn on the radio; we may get the final score."

More galled was he when he learned that Fairdell won in the last twenty seconds of the game by a free shot. This fact merely strengthened his purpose to even matters with Peggy.

Tuesday, the day before Christmas, found Buck busily delivering packages, purchasing food-stuffs and buying last-minute gifts. In the rush of the day Peggy failed to notice the several mysterious trips her brother made to and from the cellar.

On Christmas morning, Peggy was in the kitchen early in order to prepare for the ceremony of roasting the pig. She went down to the cellar to get the pig. She was amazed to see two fine chickens reposing in the porker's place.

"Buck!" she cried, "The pig is gone!"

Slowly, deliberately, Buck came

down to the cellar. Immediately Peggy concluded that he was not entirely innocent of the affair.

"Yes?" he replied.

"What did you do?"

"I simply traded the pig for the chickens," said Buck with a sarcastic smile, "We're even now!"

Peggy recoiled, her eyes flashed, "Oh, how could you be so mean, and on Christmas too!"

"I prefer chicken," said Buck making an attempt at self-justification, "I bet you would have spoilt the pig. Anyway I am sure you would have forgotten to put the red apple in its mouth."

"I wouldn't either," retorted Peggy angrily.

"Listen here, little sister, your roast chicken is always tops with me. Why take chances of spoiling our Christmas dinner and my respect for you as a cook?"

"Maybe you're right," assented Peggy somewhat chokingly.

"Let's shake and let bygones be bygones," offered Buck. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" laughed Peggy.

With one arm about her shoulder and the other bearing the poultry, Buck escorted his sister up to the kitchen. Peace was restored in view of Christmas joys.

A Christmas Party

(A Comedy in One Act)

● By P. Zeller '37 and J. Diedrich '37

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MAX LEAR, <i>owner of home</i>	WAYNE MORRIS, <i>friend of Max</i>
MARTHA LEAR, <i>wife of Max Lear</i>	HELEN MORRIS, <i>wife of Wayne</i>
JACK SUTHERLAND, <i>friend of Max</i>	FATHER MEYERS
MARIE SUTHERLAND, <i>wife of Jack</i>	DOCTOR HEPBURN
	PICALLI, <i>Italian friend of Max</i>

SCENE: The stage, a living room, is decorated for a Christmas-eve party. On the left wing is a door leading to the bedroom.

TIME: The Present.

MAX: (*Max enters. He is very exuberant with the Christmas spirit.*) Martha! Martha! (*takes the arm chair.*) Whew! another day's work finished, and now to prepare for the Christmas-eve party. (*stops short*) Well? (*loud*) Martha!

MARTHA: (*off stage.*) Is that you Max?

MAX: Yes dear, where are you?

MARTHA: I'm here, Max. (*Max rushes off stage left.*)

PICALLI: (*Entering from center. He wears a large overcoat and his hat is crushed in. He is covered with snow.*) Well, where is everybody? (*takes off his large boots.*) Merry Christmas! (*He turns his head to the right, saying:*) How're the kids, Jack? (*he looks amazed to see no one, then looks at clock on mantle.*) I must be early. (*sits down again, puts on boots, and leaves.*)

MAX: (*enters from left, showing disgust.*) This would have to happen now! At least I won't tell the guests about it, just when they are planning on a good time this Christmas-eve. I can't spoil it for them. (*knocking at door, center left. Max goes to the door and Jack and Marie Sutherland enter, laden with Christmas packages.*)

JACK AND MARIE: Merry Christmas to Max and Martha!

MARIE: (*dropping back.*) Well — where is Martha?

MAX: Why — ah — ah — ah — she is dressing.

JACK: Max, it looks as though you put your share in before the holidays. What's the

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

trouble? You look worn out.

MAX: I did work a little late today. You'll have to excuse me for not having the things fully prepared.

JACK: (*sitting down in arm chair to right*) That's O.K. The house will be torn up at the end of the night anyway.

MAX: You're a nice one, there's your poor wife standing alone laden with packages.

JACK: Oh, I forgot all about her. (*jumping up.*) Here Marie, let me help you. (*Jack helps her.*)

MARIE: I'm glad to get help from anybody, the way I'm piled down. (*Max goes off stage, left.*)

MARIE: Won't Max be surprised? His eyes will pop when he sees what is in this package.

JACK: (*laughingly*) What about Martha? She'll fall over when she sees what's in this.

MARIE: Gee, Jack, it certainly is snowing out. I hope Helen and Wayne get here safely. Living way out of the city limits makes it rather difficult for them.

JACK: Don't worry about them, Marie, Wayne is a careful driver. The man to worry about is Picalli, because without Picalli the life of our party is gone.

MARIE: Picalli truly is a peculiar man. (*thoughtfully*) Not married; and he'll be forty-five on New Year's. He does drink quite a bit.

JACK: Picalli is just one merry Italian. (*knocking at door and a shuffling of snow off shoes on the porch.*)

MARIE: I bet they're there now. (*Jack goes to door. Wayne and Helen Morris come in carrying packages. Both are dressed in furs and covered with snow.*)

WAYNE AND HELEN: Merry Christmas everybody!

WAYNE: Since when are you door-keeper here, Jack? (*looks at Marie*) Well, hello Marie!

MARIE: (*having been anxious to speak*) Hello, Merry Christmas, and happy New-Year!

HELEN: Marie and Jack, (*comes forward and holds hands with Marie*) this really is delightful to have another Christmas-eve party together. Last year you and Jack really showed us a treat. This year it's at Max's, and Picalli has already insisted that next year's party must be at his home.

JACK: By the way, I wonder where Picalli is so late? He's usually the first one to arrive.

WAYNE: And where's Max?

MAX: (*well dressed, enters from left*) Merry Christmas, all!

WAYNE: Max, it doesn't sound as if you mean that so much. What's your trouble? Looks like you got out at the first bell this morning.

MAX: (*taken back*) I'm perfectly O.K. Let's have some Christmas brandy. (*crosses to cabinet at right and pours brandy into wine glasses.*)

JACK: (*to Helen*) Is the new furcoat a Christmas present?

A CHRISTMAS PARTY (A Comedy in One Act)

HELEN: It certainly is, don't you think he has good taste?

MARIE. And Wayne — ah — where did you get your new coat?

WAYNE: (*nods toward Helen*) Helen's generosity.

MAX: (*puts down the tray on table with the filled glasses and bottle*) All set?
(*each takes a glass and holds it up for a toast.*)

JACK: Picalli should be here for this.

HELEN: Why Max, where is Martha?

MAX: (*taken back*) Why — ah — (*loud knock on door. They all turn and, putting their glasses down, move towards the door. Max opens it.*)

PICALLI: (*loudly*) Merry Chrishmus, Merry Chrishmus! (*all pat him on the back, Picalli thus dropping his packages. Max takes Picalli's coat and crushed-in hat to room, left.*)

PICALLI: (*calling after Max*) Hello Maxch, Merry Chrishmus.

JACK: Boy, you almost missed something, Picalli; we were going to drink the toast when you knocked.

PICALLI: Ish that sho? I'se chertainly lucky I got here. (*he goes to pick up his packages and they all help.*)

JACK: (*picking up a large one*) This must be to me.

PICALLI: Don't you open that.

WAYNE: Don't you dare open that, that is sure to be mine.

MARIE: (*picking up a beautifully wrapped one*) I might just as well open this right away, it's certain to be mine.

PICALLI: (*running over and taking it from her*) Don't you dare!

HELEN: Heavens, no; that's most probably mine.

MAX: (*entering from left and crossing to cabinet*) Wait a minute Picalli, I'll get you a glass and we'll have the toast together. (*coming back*) Here we are!
(*they form in a semicircle around the table and pick up their glasses.*)

JACK: To what shall we toast?

MAX: Let's toast to a Merry Christmas to all people.

JACK: That it shall be.

ALL: To a most Merry Christmas to all people. (*their glasses clink and they drink.*)

PICALLI: (*walking to the armchair at right, sits down*) It louchs as though we're going to stay; I might jousth as well take off my galoshes. (*all look toward him and laugh, and Max, seeing his chance, goes off left*)

MARIE: Let us get our presents in the middle of the room as we always do. (*they all start to pick up their presents.*) Wayne, move the table over a bit. (*turns toward Picalli*) Picalli, get your presents on this pile.

PICALLI: Yesh, wait till I get this galosh off. (*he struggles with it.*)

MARIE: (*somewhat disgusted*) Jack, help him. (*Jack goes to Picalli and pulls at his out-stretched foot while Picalli holds tightly to his chair. The galosh finally comes off and Jack falls backwards with a thump. Max re-enters; because of laughter he is unnoticed.*)

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PICALLI: (*gets up*) Let's toast over the presents.

MAX: That's a good idea. (*he pours out the brandy.*)

HELEN: To what shall we toast?

MAX: All right. We're all set. (*they pick up their glasses.*)

HELEN: What shall it be? (*all hold their glasses high over the packages. They are in a circle around the presents. A moment's silence.*)

MAX: To the recovery of my wife.

ALL: (*falling back after a moment's surprise*) What???

MAX: Martha's sick. I'm afraid very sick.

HELEN: Why didn't you tell us?

MAX: We always had our Christmas-eve parties at each other's homes. And now I didn't want to spoil your fun when it was Martha's and my turn. (*all set their glasses down.*)

HELEN: That wouldn't have made any difference. It was your duty to tell us she was sick. How bad is she?

MAX: That's just it. I thought she was just not feeling well, but I'm afraid I'll have to call a doctor. (*exit left.*)

MARIE: I wondered where Martha was.

WAYNE: I couldn't understand why Max was acting so strange.

MAX: (*enters from left*) Jack, hurry to the corner and get Doctor Hepburn. Martha is unconscious.

ALL: What!!! (*Helen and Marie run off left. Jack rushes out to get the doctor.*)

MAX: Wayne, will you go for the priest?

WAYNE: Do you think she is that bad, Max?

MAX: I don't know.

WAYNE: I'll be back in a minute with Father Meyers. (*rushes out at center.*)

MAX: (*impatiently walks up and down, fumbling with his hands.*)

PICALLI: (*standing down stage right, fully sobered.*) It's really tough, Max, I know; but after all this is Christmas-eve. God won't let her die tonight.

MAX: Other people have died on Christmas. (*Jack rushes in center with doctor, who carries a kit.*)

DOCTOR: Is the woman seriously ill?

MAX: I'm afraid she is, Doc. (*both exit left.*)

JACK: Did someone go for the priest, Picalli?

PICALLI: Yes, Wayne went for Father Meyers. They should be here soon.

JACK: I hope Max is wrong about the seriousness of Martha's condition, Picalli.

PICALLI: I'm afraid he isn't. (*doctor enters thoughtfully from left, followed by Max who slowly closes the door.*)

DOCTOR: Max, I'm afraid nothing can be done. She appears to be a very sick woman to me. But if there is anything I can do, I certainly will do it. (*Max stands speechless. Wayne rushes in center with Father Meyers.*)

MAX: Oh, Father; this way, please. (*they exit left with doctor.*)

A CHRISTMAS PARTY (A Comedy in One Act)

JACK: The surprise of it! I can't get over it.

PICALLI: No wonder no one was around when I first came in.

WAYNE: That's just like Max, though, to try not to spoil our good times, even when something like this happens.

JACK: It certainly is a good thing he spoke up when he did.

WAYNE: (*thoughtfully*) I wonder if it is so good. (*Priest enters from left with Max.*)

PRIEST: I'm glad she regained consciousness. It enabled me to hear her confession before I administered Extreme Unction.

MAX: (*priest and Max standing away from door at left.*) Father, I don't know how to express myself. It seems — it seems like my own death. (*sinks into chair at left of table.*)

PRIEST: (*smiling lightly and patting Max on the shoulder.*) Don't worry, my boy, Martha has always led a good life. Her death, although not a blessing to you, is a vast one to her.

DOCTOR: (*rushing out*) She has regained strength within the last few minutes.

MAX: (*still sitting*) Do you mean that doctor?

DOCTOR: Although I can't understand it, it's the plain truth. (*to Max*) Come here. (*all present look dumbfounded at one another, but Jack goes with the Doctor. They soon return from the room.*)

MAX: Surely, Doctor, she could not recover so soon?

DOCTOR: Oh, yes, such things are possible, and it will do her good to see you all enjoying the Christmas party in her home. (*Marie and Helen bring Martha carefully into the room.*)

JACK: (*boisterously*) A toast to Martha! A toast to Martha!

MARIE: Yes, Jack, yes, you pour out the drinks, while I open the packages and show the presents. (*all click their glasses for a toast.*)

JACK: To Martha on her recovery, and to Him, Who so kindly restored her to health to make the happiness of this Christmas Eve complete, we give this toast and top it off with a glorious carol. (*all join in singing "Adeste Fideles."*)

CURTAIN



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EDITORIALS



Peace

"Peace on earth to men of good will!" In these words spoken by rejoicing angels on a wintry night nineteen hundred years ago, man finds the most beautiful thought ever uttered. Of all the ideas which penetrate to the innermost depths of the heart of man, there is none so inviting as the idea of peace. The good will, the calm happiness, the full satisfaction expressed in that word makes it the most precious word in the whole human vocabulary.

On earth there was peace that night when Christ was born, a peace so delightful and impressive that the memory of it still lives on after almost two decades of centuries. True, the meaning of that God-given peace has never been fully realized in this world. In consequence the effects which the Divine message was to produce have fluctuated in degree accordingly as man was inclined to heed or to neglect the meaning of this message. Surely these effects have vanished almost totally for those among men who no longer feel any desire to adore the Divine Infant of Bethlehem. The counterparts to the thoughtful Magi

and to the awe-stricken shepherds have always been numerous among men. But it matters nothing what unbelievers may say or what the worldly-wise may say, deep down in the hearts of these there is a chord which vibrates in sympathy with those joyful tidings: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

That idea of peace which came into this world with the Divine Infant still lives on, gloriously shining forth with renewed strength on the birthday of Christ, the great King of heaven and earth.

G.C.M.



That "Corpus Sanum"

The greatest physical blessing coming to man from God is vigorous bodily health. The lack or loss of health belongs to the greatest temporal misfortunes that can overtake a man. Health is so precious that life may be defined as the enjoyment of health. Want of health brings on physical and mental inefficiency. Sickness denies its victim even the ordinary pleasures of life. By far the most people are born healthy and live in health during childhood while under proper supervision, but later on they lose health in many

cases because of personal negligence.

To counteract this negligence and the bad habits that accompany it, newspapers give columns and radio stations give lectures to direct the public mind to better ideas of sane and healthful living. The radio probably, with its numerous personal health talks, has done more for this outstanding human interest, health, than any other public agency. It has done much to make the people health conscious and with that consciousness goes the old-fashioned notion that an ounce of prevention is

worth a pound of cure. To keep health is easier than to cure sickness.

As with most good things, so with health, it is not appreciated while it lasts. For the instructions of those who have it, public agencies like the radio and the newspaper do well to help them appreciate the meaning of that "corpus sanum." Certainly their advice is also beneficial to those who have lost health. In both cases, for the healthy and the sick, they can render valuable service.

H. G.

Heed His Call

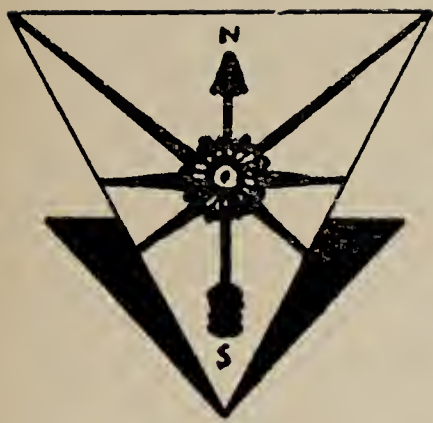
by

Paul Zeller '37

The darkest night engulfed the world
While raging tempests roared;
The dancing snowflakes downward hurled
To meet God's Holy Word,
Who chose to leave His crown above
And wished in His embracing love
To save man, one and all.

Now through the cheerless village street
The Holy Family strode
For Him, their God and King to seek
A warm and fit abode;
But naught they found to shelter them
In ancient kingly Bethlehem,
Save a forsaken stall.

But now this Infant Jesus roams
Each year on Christmas night
To visit poor and lonely homes
And fill them with delight;
Will you dare keep Him in the cold,
As did the wicked ones of old,
Or will you heed His call?



EXCHANGES



The Exponent of Dayton University is, we think, the most faithful of our exchanges, not only in the regularity and promptness of its visits, but also in maintaining its standards of pure English. This monthly claims a large coterie of readers at St. Joseph's; their general commentary upon the articles within its pages is that these reveal maturity of thought, accuracy in expression, and a thorough knowledge of correct English.

We consider the editorial, "All the Little She's in Wolves Clothing," a satirical masterpiece. Its satire is cleverly mantled not with wolves clothing but with fleecy, white wool. This editorial displays an alert eye closely connected with a mature mind and skilled pen.

Among the exceptionally well composed essays "Phew!" is our choice for the top. It deserves the highest rating among our exchanges for the month. To a strong grasp of this subject the writer added the beauty of a style quite in contrast with the tone of the article. Beautiful language certainly does much to give the reader an idea of the awful stench of the Chicago Stock Yards.

"Black Rose the Third" is the third and last of a series of one-act dramas on primitive Negro life. After reading this portion of the trilogy we can only express our sincere regret for missing

the two preceding dramas. This method of presentation is certainly a novelty among college publications. The author deserves credit for her originality and accuracy in handling her topic.

It was with regret that we found no poetry in this otherwise excellent periodical. If poetry were inoculated in the pages of *The Exponent* we would consider this monthly one of the best on our desk.

The Gleaner does not migrate often from Hinsdale, Illinois, but when it does come it proves to be a welcome visitor. There is ample evidence that only accurate literary material is accepted to fill its pages. Practically every article has a commendable quality.

"Whose," an editorial dealing with a local question, is well developed, and we hope it produces the desired end. The editorials, all on local subjects, possess a quality rarely found in such, in that they are of interest to outsiders as well. The editor has acquitted himself of his task.

A short, short story entitled "Life at 4" is uncommonly pleasing to the reader. The lasting suspense reaches an unforeseen climax in the words: "A dog's life is no bed of roses." This article could easily be used as an example of suspense and climax.

Our glimpse of Pennsylvania farm life was very meagre from the essay "Sym-

E X C H A N G E S

phony." The article deals with rustic life and seems unable to leave the country. It proves a sore spot in the otherwise literary pages of *The Gleaner*.

"Lovely Mosquito" and "The Stranger" show a spark of poetic genius in their author. "The Stranger" reveals depth; "Lovely Mosquito" reaches the ethereal. They are both well written and do much to make *The Gleaner* worthwhile.

The Pacific Star from St. Benedict's College is a newcomer to our desk. In combining the literary and newspaper style of presentation the staff has produced a fairly interesting periodical. Its pages contain some erudite articles of no slight merit.

In this category belong the editorials, "Liturgical Music" and "Rain." The editor, through novel ideas, brings home the thoughts he wishes to diffuse among his readers. In "Welcome," however, there is only a jumbled assembly of ideas, incoherently thrown together with no consideration for the outside reader.

"Stardust" is a joke column that really contains jokes. One receives a goodly number of laughs while perusing this section. The originality of the "Sayings of the Stars" alone merits praise, without the added power of the column's clever theme and sayings.

"The Rosary," the lone story in *The*

Pacific Star, embodies a fine Catholic moral. Too, it holds the interest of the reader from start to finish. Yet the language, grammar, spelling and paragraphing are far below college standards. It is really sad that an author possessing such an imagination should be so careless in recording his thoughts. A little revision would make "The Rosary" a very enviable short story.

The exchange editors wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Collegian* (St. Mary's College); *The Tower* (St. Lawrence College); *The Scriptorium* (St. Scholastica College); *Xaverian News* (St. Xavier College); *St. Vincent's Journal* (St. Vincent College); *Duquesne Monthly* (Duquesne University); *The Mount* (Mount St. Joseph's Academy); *Marywood College Bay Leaf* (Marywood College); *The Aurora* (St. Mary-of-the-Woods College); *The Ritan* (St. Rita's High School); *The Salesianum* (St. Francis Seminary); *Calvert News* (Calvert High School); *The Mirror* (Reitz High School); *The Broadcaster* (Kohn High School); *The Scholastic Editor*; *The Wag* (Routt High School); *National Student's Mirror* (National Student's Federation).

R. J. T. '36

N. F. D. '36





ROGER B. TANEY

By Carl Brent Swisher

Amidst the turmoil of present-day political unrest, constitutional arguments and international dickerings, the publication of Roger B. Taney's biography is afforded an inspiring background. The appearance of the biography of this great Chief Justice, who was confronted with similar problems and who successfully weathered the stormiest years of political strife, is particularly pleasing. Its advent to the shelves of every bookstore is both timely and appropriate.

To Catholics, who are gradually awakening to their governmental responsibilities and duties, the life of Taney should have an especial appeal, for he stands out as a Catholic layman who fought and acted according to the dictates of his conscience. Swisher clearly shows to what extent Taney filled the office left vacant by the distinguished Marshall, our first Chief Justice.

At the outset let me say that the author, though not a Catholic, has presented a fair and unbiased account of this Catholic politician. At times Mr. Swisher's proneness to misrepresentation causes a momentary check to the reader, but these checks are trivial and hardly noticeable. For example, the author writes that Taney and his non-Catholic wife made a prenuptial agreement that all sons born

to them should be reared Catholics and all daughters Protestants. This is a typical non-Catholic touch, which, I believe, Mr. Swisher innocently wrote into his biography.

From 1836 until his death in 1864, Roger B. Taney held the distinguished position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Outstanding among the galaxy of his decisions is his ruling in the Dred Scott case, a ruling that stands out in bold letters in association with Taney's name. The Dred Scott case, however, does not mark the sum total of Taney's contribution to the legal profession; he did admirable work as a practicing lawyer, as Attorney General of the United States, and as Secretary of the Treasury in Jackson's Cabinet. Thus, as Mr. Swisher plainly shows, Roger B. Taney was an active man from early youth until the Angel of Death finally closed his weary eyes.

In this biography there is an attempt made to rectify the erroneous opinions regarding Taney. The author tries to explain why his subject was misunderstood, why this man died in seclusion. He perused every possible document, letter, diary, or newspaper contemporary with Taney in an effort to unravel this dilemma; he records fact after fact, quotation after quotation, to give us a knowledge of this man's span upon earth. Yet, in my

opinion, Mr. Swisher misses his goal. After all his labor he gives us only a daub, chronological account of Taney's existence. Had the biographer used the argumentative style of writing instead of the cold expository; had he given more attention to human appeal and interest; had he made use of literary description or human dialogue he would have enlivened the five hundred odd pages that he has written and made them more enjoyable reading. Taney's cold reserve seems to be with us again in his biography.

For anyone wishing to acquire knowledge of inside political machinations of the nineteenth century in America this biography would serve as a good text book. If, as I believe, Mr. Swisher has the purpose in mind only to record the facts of Taney's life, he deserves credit and praise. But as for good, interesting reading material, this volume just simply does not possess the necessary qualities.

Richard Trame '36

THE HILLS OF DESIRE

By Richard Maher

A man who always had a cheerful disposition, a man who couldn't die because Fate had ordained it otherwise was Jimmy Wardwell, the ingenious liar, and the principal character of *The Hills of Desire*. If ever an author has succeeded in bringing an unconscious smile to the face of a reader, Richard Maher has certainly accomplished just that in this work. Gifted with the humorous "Pat and Mike" rambling style, he has produced a work which savors of the wit and humor of "Casey at the Bat."

The leading character, Jimmy Wardwell, invincible in the art of equivocation, spreads a contagious tide of mirth

through the story as he stumbles into numerous perplexities and cleverly stumbles out of them. All goes well with Jimmy until this "smiling man" meets one situation which requires all his ingenuity to handle it. It is marriage. Seeking seclusion in order to discover imaginative material for his book, the equivocator finds more than he desires. After he meets the beautiful and loving Augusta he has material sufficient for volumes.

Augusta and Jimmy, a loving couple, thought they were married without being in love. Augusta sacrificed everything for Jimmy but failed to notice his real love and appreciation. However, they soon awoke to find a glowing sincerity beneath a carefree surface. Jimmy smiled always; nevertheless, he loved always.

Bound by closer ties through their many sacrifices for each other, they make a hurried gypsy trend in search of the Hills of Desire. They find the Hills of Desire. After they experience for a short time the joys and pleasures of their surroundings in this beautiful spot in the north, Fate suddenly muddles their affairs; it seizes them from their earthly paradise to fling them into the horrible World War, a bloody maelstrom that affects them in a very human manner.

Fate, however, always takes care of her own in some way or other, but surely Fortune could not have chosen a more fascinating means to fulfill her obligation than the queer adventures of Jimmy Wardwell and Augusta.

During their wanderings many exciting and humorous episodes occur. This young pair along with their faithful horse, Donahue, with whom Jimmy is continually philosophizing, present a very ludicrous spectacle. At one time Jimmy finds him-

BOOK SHELF

self utterly at a loss, and turning to Donahue, says: "Now, not as between master and servant, but as horse to man, give me your plain opinion. Are women born into the world full armed with all the weapons of diplomacy, tact and happy deceit? And if they are not so born, Donahue, I put it to you, who teaches them? I am a stupid man and you are not a particularly brilliant horse. We are stumped, and we know it."

Our author can lay aside his tools for inciting one to mirth, and produce an equally artful means of exciting one's emotions. Reaching down into the innermost strings of emotions, he tingles them when he arouses one's feelings by his sympathetic adherence to human nature. One striking example of this is the following: "Augusta knew that it was not the restlessness of Spring that threatened her. And she knew that not even the sullen restiveness of a call of blood could hurt in the way she was going to be hurt.

"She was a woman. And she knew that only through a woman could she be wounded to her heart's depth. That strange prescience, that borderland insight which had come to her in other times, and had sometimes been kind to her and sometimes cruel, had lately been turning up pictures to her mind . . . fragments of them always remained, becoming more clearly parts of a composite picture of a woman."

Ordinary language, ordinary style, but marvelous thoughts make this work worth reading. Sprightly dialogue renders the characters alive. Vivaciously they flash through the pages. They are not merely names. They live! Yes, they live to tell a tale of warm and tender affection, of fierce, audacious deeds. Most realistical-

ly (and always retaining this characteristic) they portray the drama of life.

Who is seeking relaxation? Who is seeking relief from the drudgery of work? Who is seeking rest? Let him seek no further, for Richard Maher has given him all he wishes in *The Hills of Desire*.

William J. Frantz '36

COLLECTED PLAYS

By William Butler Yeats

Lights grow dim! orchestral music floats and swirls about one's head and vanishes into the hazy nothingness; the stage is set. To the throbbing tempo of heart beats the curtain slowly rises. In a brilliant burst of splendor there stands forth in all its glory the dramatic interpretation of the spiritual, fantastic world of William Butler Yeats.

In a series of plays, both in poetry and in prose, Yeats, the poet dramatist, has set down heroic legends replete with symbolism. In Ireland, the oft called land of the superstitious, he has found a wealth of material on which to base his plays of the supernatural; it is here that he situates the action of his earlier plays. The opening play of his collection, "The Countess Cathleen," is legendary in theme and is rendered completely, hauntingly. The first scene is idealistic — it portrays the Ireland that has retained its medieval spirit. Beyond description is Cathleen, the grave, kindly, proper lady of the legend. Although Yeats' characters are well depicted, they are not true to life: they are too fantastic, too unreal. They are rather images formed from the ideas of a lyric poet than creations of a dramatic poet. "The Countess Cathleen" was written before Yeats became associated with the theatre. If he had had theatrical ex-

perience, the play would have been a classic.

Another play written shortly after "The Countess Cathleen" is "The Land of Heart's Desire," in which the author creeps to the surface of the lines. To break away from the drabness of the world, to burst the bonds of custom are the aims of the poet.

"...take me out of this dull house!
Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
Work when I will and idle when I will!"

"The Unicorn From the Stars," a three act play written in 1908 and played at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, is steeped in fantasticism; it is saturated with the supernatural. Although it shows artistic workmanship and is progressive, it is not truly Yeatsian. It has no distinctiveness; it indeed could have been written by any Abbey dramatist. The characters in this moralistic play are unreal, too grotesque. Yeats has placed this somewhat slow moving play on such a high spiritual plane that the reader is glad when the end of the play is in sight, for then he can settle down once more to the solidity of natural life.

A new kind of comedy is "The Player Queen," a good theatrical production written by an experienced Yeats. It has flow, high spirits, and is commingled with poetry, intellectual conception, and fantasy.

His later plays are not so much dramas as lyrics — they have energy. They are suited, however, not so much for the theatre as for the studio or drawing-room; they are similar to his dance plays.

In all his plays the dramatist allows his private notions to come to the fore, thus losing the complete sympathy of the audience. Nor are his notions always

correct. However, no matter how we may criticize *Collected Plays*, it is certain that Yeats has given the theatre exalted speech. His diction is faultless; words flow one from another, tripping along in rhythmic eagerness.

Those who are averse to the drama will discover a successful antidote by reading the plays of William Butler Yeats, master dramatist.

A. G. '36

ANNA KARENINA — A MOVIE

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love," it said, "and love is all." With eyes open to what was being left forever behind, they went where love called — to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. *Anna Karenina* is a drama of deep, human emotions; of man and woman gripped by love, moved by forces bigger than they; a great drama, portrayed by actors of genius and produced with a fidelity, insight and skill that make seeing it an unforgettable experience.

Anna (Greta Garbo) is unhappily married to Karenin (Basil Rathbone), a stern, public Minister. Anna meets Vronsky (Frederic March), and immediately a passionate love affair begins. The sole obstacle in their path to happiness is Anna's devotion to her son, Sergei (Freddie Bartholomew). After much heart rending deliberation she follows the beckoning of Cupid. For a time they are happy, utterly oblivious to the open scorn of the people. Anna's affection for her son proves a piercing thorn in her heart, but she grimly bears it with a smile. When Vronsky, however, departs for war with soothing but harsh words for her, she finds ideals, life and happiness

BOOK SHELF

crashing about her head in a jumbled heap. Since she lives for love alone, and love is now gone, she takes the only alternative — suicide.

Garbo's greatness as the supreme star of screenland is here exhibited in a handsomely mounted rendition of the Tolstoy classic for all who have eyes to see, ears to hear and imagination to be stirred. As is customary, the play is made to seem less important than her talent and beauty.

The touching scenes between Anna and Sergei impart an impression of authenticity rather than of artificiality. They are so unsophisticated, so delicate a piece of art, that an observer feels their power and becomes lost in the scenes before him. The story of their first personal meeting before the filming of the picture shows to what extent this reality goes. At the first rehearsal they sat gazing at each other for some time; then Freddie's eyes filled with tears, and impulsively he put his arms around Garbo and leaned silently against her shoulder. When later asked if Garbo frightened him he answered with sincerity and feeling: "I am never frightened by beauty, particularly beauty of the soul." This spontaneous friendship naturally was an important factor in making their scenes together so captivating.

Anna Karenina, the old, old story of the tempting and yielding wife who leaves her husband and child for a dashing soldier, is made exceedingly interesting because of the painstaking direction; because the dialogue lends it new refinement and subtlety; because the meticu-

lous costumes and settings complete a marvelous reproduction of St. Petersburg society in the '70s; and because the skilled pen of Leo Tolstoy gave the ancient story a touch of life as life really is.

This cinema gives a comprehensive insight into Russian culture, Russian society, Russian gayety, Russian domestic life and Russian militarism. It is so magnanimous that every place of Russian living is clearly depicted for us, as only a movie which has received accurate direction can depict it. This close approach to realism cannot fail but leave a lasting remembrance in the minds of movie goers.

The morality so characteristic of Russian thought is clearly and religiously interpreted. Anna's utter disregard for the sacredness of marriage reaps its due reward in her tragic death. Her memorable words, "All that I know — I know by love alone," are proved not to be the acme of happiness, either earthly or eternal. By shrewd supervision the directors showed the immorality of Anna's conduct, yet they created an emotion of sympathy for her. Their efforts deserve congratulations.

Anna Karenina is an exemplary reproduction of a noteworthy classic. The usual deviation from the original story is not openly apparent in this cinema. What the directors did infuse into the picture only served to lend it greater effect. The acting, direction and scenery all augment the greatness of the show. May the public be favored often with like productions.

Richard Trame '36



As will be recorded in another department, a varsity football game was played on November 2, St. Joe boys meeting Manchester. Not a small contingent of rooters present was a large number of alumni, members of the Calumet District Chapter. All through the game, without a break or lull in enthusiasm, our loyal alumni gave their cheerful support, thus making our players feel and realize that the alumni, too, were pulling for old St. Joe. The Calumet District Chapter made November 2 a real Homecoming Day; we are sure that they experienced an enjoyable time while here. Alumni all, you are welcome at any time at St. Joe.

The department here records with pleasure information regarding Dennis Schmitt, '36. This bright and scholarly young man decided this summer to seek a new field of endeavor, the Jesuit Novitiate at Milford, Ohio. Mr. Schmitt attended St. Joseph's from 1931 to 1935, during which time he manifested a remarkable mental ability. A student of high mental caliber, Dennis realized and carried out in practice the axiom that college means real study if one is to progress in knowledge and culture. The class of '36, of which he was a member, keenly feels the loss of Dennis, but notwithstanding, hopes that he will be successful as a young Jesuit neophyte. Judging from his

record and reputation here, it can hardly be otherwise. So again, good luck, Dennis!

Who wrote that interesting letter that is circulating among the students? Why, none other than James "Red" Quinn, '35, who by this time has settled down for a long — but enjoyable — period of study at St. Meinrad's Seminary, St. Meinrad, Indiana. To you, "Red," as well as to the other old St. Joe boys, we extend our heartiest greetings, and we trust that you will emerge successfully in all your undertakings at the seminary.

The name of another member of the class of '35 has found its way into this department. This time it happens to be Glynn Kelley, who has entered St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri, as a medical student. We sincerely hope, Glynn, that you find university life congenial; that your efforts will be crowned with the diadem of success.

"For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together" characterized the gathering of the Calumet Chapter of Alumni, who got together for a steak dinner and business meeting on November 21 at Lake Hotel, Gary, Indiana. Presiding at the affair were John Tokarz, chairman, and John Jones, secretary. Among the

ALUMNI

forty members present were Fathers Kenkel and Scheidler, President and Economist respectively at St. Joseph's College; and Father Fehrenbacher and Mr. De Cook, professors at the college. Accompanying the festivities of the steak supper was a musical program on a French harp, played by Mr. Louis Yaeger, and an accordion, played by a companion of Mr. Yaeger. Undoubtedly

this enhanced not a little the spirit of the evening. During the business part of the meeting it was decided to hold a similar meeting on December 30; to this each member of the chapter was delegated to bring a student as guest. The *COLLEGIAN* wishes the Calumet Chapter an enjoyable time at this meeting.

Aurele Durocher '36

John Hoorman '36





IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Dark, heavy, war clouds, hovering over Europe, broke out into torrents of shots and shells, but a mighty wind rose out of Italy and carried the storm to helpless little Ethiopia. With ancient spears practically their only means of defense, they hurled themselves, these dauntless and plucky Ethiopians, against their powerful invader, determined to conquer or to die.

Forewarned against similar clouds, students of St. Joseph's hurriedly prepared themselves for the worst. But while they were yet arming themselves the storm

broke, and the great battle of the wits was fought in our very classrooms. Through the many days of the fierce struggle with the "hostile Exams," the Collegiates strove gallantly and at length expelled the aggressor. Bells sang out the "Te Deum;" the sun of peace glowed brighter than before; Collegeville reposed in sweet tranquillity. The final roll call found that few had fallen and many had emerged great heroes.

From the six regiments, the names of the foremost heroes are here enscribed upon the Honor Roll, together with their deeds of fame.

HONOR ROLL

Sixth Regiment

Aurele Durocher	96 2-7
Joseph Smolar	94 3-7
Robert Kaple	93 5-6
Benedict D'Angelo	93 2-7
James O'Connor	93 2-7

Fifth Regiment

Norman Fisher	94 2-7
Robert Scheiber	94 1-7
William Callahan	93 4-7
Edwin Johnson	92
Marvin Kolhoff	90 3-8

Fourth Regiment

James Hinton	92 2-3
Ernest Lukas	91 5-7
Benedict Staudt	90 2-7
Edmund Ryan	90 2-7
Joseph Scheuer	90 1-9

Third Regiment

Walter Dery	98 1-2
Robert Siebeneck	97 1-3
Richard Doyle	95 5-6
William Kramer	95 4-7
Herbert Renner	95 1-3

Second Regiment

Harold Weller	94 5-6
Thomas Taylor	93 5-6
Mark Fecher	87 2-3

First Regiment

Eugene Klyczek	94 5-7
Bernard Flory	92
Edward Teyber	90 2-3

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

On the night of October 31, a stream of students poured through the entrances of Alumni Hall. The

The Classic Guild hum of the eager crowd roamed about the spacious auditorium. As

the curtain rose a veil of silence enshrouded the subdued murmuring. The audience, gazing upon an abandoned stage, gave a gasp of delight when an aged, bowed, crafty Shylock appeared. Upon his entrance Stanley Cobleigh, portraying the Shylock of Shakespeare's renowned imagination, began an evening of entertainment sponsored by the Classic Guild of New York. Stanley Cobleigh, Joan Beckwith and John Mitchell Swan represented this Classic Guild. For an hour or so this trio of artists enacted scenes from a number of Shakespeare's most famous works. There were snatches from "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," and the "Taming of the Shrew."

The miserable Shylock, so well interpreted by Stanley Cobleigh, stirred the audience. John Mitchell Swan, acting as the Porter in "Macbeth," caused the house to rock with laughter by his outstanding presentation in pantomime. The crowd thrilled to Joan Beckwith's versatility in "The Taming of the Shrew."

As Petruchio and Katherine found true love in the final scene of "The Taming of the Shrew," the curtain descended, shutting out an accomplished and well trained group of artists. An appropriate applause, racing beyond the curtain, loudly carried the praises and appreciation of St. Joseph's students to the artists for their admirable work in presenting such a splendid evening of entertainment.

"We're here because we're here because we're — having a swell time," chorused

a large group of fifth

Fifth Year year merry-makers as

Get-Together they gathered in the

Raleigh Club on Sunday evening, November 15, for a grand "get-together-party." And who wouldn't have a "swell time" at such a lively affair as this? Everything possible for a "Big blow-out" had been well planned; necessary impromptu suggestions increased the enjoyment of the evening.

Despite his well meant (but often ill-chosen) humor, Jerry Hutter acted the typical master of ceremonies, excellently conducting the program which unfolded some surprising freshmen talent. The College Freshmen Orchestra, sometimes resembling Wayne King and at other times challenging the fast rhythm of Cab Callaway, presented new ideas of modern song hits. Between a few of the musical numbers, the minstrel men of '37, Jim Diedrich and Paul Zeller, provoked the cachinnation of their audience by the clever interpretation of some fast-moving skits.

A diversity of musical selections in the form of solos, trios, and what have you, apparently were the high lights of the manifesto, if one may judge by the encores each received.

The class of '37 obviously does not believe that speeches may be the spice of a program. However, at such a class gathering it is a prime requisite that the class president deliver some brief address. In this capacity Daniel Raible performed admirably, expressing a few appropriate comments and extending the class welcome to the guests of honor, Fathers A. Scheidler, and R. Esser.

"On with the eats!" and on they came. Soon ready appetites found satisfaction at the buffet lunch fastidiously arranged. Between bites of this and that, every one had some compliment for the luncheon.

If anyone thinks that some members of the freshman class are not potential Carusos, that person should have heard the group singing of old and new songs after all the members of said class had refreshed their propensities. Never let it be said that the freshmen did not lullaby the boys in the dormitories to pleasant dreams, as they lustily gave vent to their hilarity. Well, anyhow, that was a sane manner of letting the campus know that a good time was had by all.

A spiritual silence prevailed over the campus, for it was retreat time at St. Joseph's. Various everyday clamors seemed beaten into silence. Inevitable familiar whistling and crooning of the latest song hits tormented no ears. Friendly "Hellos" were taken for granted.

For three days, from November 20 to November 23, some boys in meditation and recollection could be seen sauntering about in the cold, biting air. Others, enjoying the warmth of the studyhall, carefully read spiritual books. Still others sought peace in the chapel where fingers slid peacefully over bead after bead; prayerbooks nestled in many hands.

In charge of the retreat was Rev. Alfred Meyer, C.P.P.S. A very powerful speaker, his inspirational discourses, filled with excellent material for meditation, assured a good retreat. His final discourse was one of encouragement to the students that they should be ready at all

times, like well trained athletes, to fight the evils of the world.

Immediately following his concluding sermon on Saturday evening, Rev. Alfred Meyer imparted the Papal blessing, which officially closed the retreat.

Yes, retreat is over, but beneath the reappearing noises are firmly rooted the many resolutions made during the spiritual halt, the spiritual inventory, the Annual Retreat.

A certain outstanding young half-back of our fighting Cardinals is still wondering why the local newspapers invariably refer to him as having played a "bang-up game."

Inmates of the Junk Studyhall are unable to keep from chuckling since a lower classman recently told an adversary to see his lawyer as he himself had nothing to say without his lawyer's advice.

The COLLEGIAN now boasts of a star reporter who reached the acme of journalism and the realms of editorial fame by a certain write-up in the previous issue.

This department is receiving some keen competition from another campus paper, the Chef-d'Oeuvre, edited and published by the advanced pupils of "Pere" Maurice Ehleringer. Regardless of the competition, it deserves and has our compliments. We also consider it a deserving tribute to the good work of "Pere" Maurice.

"Bugs" Muresan and his "Vagabonds" traveled to Remington, Indiana, the evening of November 19, where they thrilled the gay throng at the Sacred Heart Church Bazaar with their rendition of

IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS

popular music. By the number of requests that "Bugs" receives to play at dances and social affairs, we are awakened to the fact that another maestro is blooming in our midst.



We are happy to have "Urb" Hoying back with us again. "Urb" is thankful to St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Lafayette, Indiana, for his sprightly convalescence from a recent illness. Here's to good health, "Urb."



Robert Danehy and Mark Fecher have been chosen managers of high school basketball. Don't forget, Bob and Mark, that the managers are always on time.

Students and team mates are compli-

menting "Rosie" on his election to All-state center on the second team. This is indeed an honor to St. Joe as well as to "Rosie." Congratulations are likewise being extended to "Cy" and "Robby," who received honorable mention.



"Gus" Diener has returned to his home in Indianapolis preparatory to an appendicitis operation. We wish you a speedy recuperation, "Gus."



To insure the full extent of time allotted to the patronizers of the billiard tables, the Raleigh Club pool room has installed three ingenious "Stand" clocks. Has anyone a "stop" watch for sale?





THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society, the first of a number of public literary programs was staged in the College auditorium on the eve of Thanksgiving, November 27. "The Valley of Ghosts," a mystery comedy in three acts, was chosen by the Columbians for their first presentation. For approximately two and a half hours the audience, which included an appreciable number of neighboring residents, was under the spell of the inhabitants of the spirit world — for "spirits" was the very theme word of the story. The excellent humor element created by the terrified negroes served as a gratifying anodyne to the somewhat incomprehensible mystery which composed a story incredible even to the most credulous. The many inconsistencies in the development of the plot resulted in a failure to produce upon the audience the terrifying effect requisite of a real mystery play.

THE CAST

<i>Thomas Strange</i>	Paul Zeller
<i>Helen Wayne</i>	Jerome Hutter
<i>Sally Ann</i>	James Diedrich
<i>Lily Violet</i>	Alvin Druhman
<i>Henry Tadd</i>	Homer Hagman

Mrs. Scott
Jonathan Black
Jack Martin
Pete
Amos Hill
A watchman

Edward Gruber
 Kenneth Couhig
 Harold Dorsten
 Carl Bricker
 Francis Thompson
 Paul Sheils

THE STORY

The time is October 31, the date specified by the late Lucille Evans for the reading of her will. The place is Lucille Evans' former home located in the Missouri Ozarks. Thomas Strange, erstwhile caretaker of the deceased, is now a victim of the "spirits" and the sole occupant of the house. When the beneficiaries gather to hear the will read, they are one by one abducted by the "spirits" but are subsequently returned, obviously none the worse for their experience. The manner in which the "spirits" succeed in eluding their pursuers is really a modern miracle. The "spirits," however, somehow become crossed up, and the mystery is soon explained. By this time Jack and Helen, estranged sweethearts, have become reconciled. For them a trip over the halcyon sea of matrimony is in the offing; for the mystery man, speedy justice. Another victory for Cupid; another assurance that crime never pays!

SPOT LIGHT

To the cast we extend our congratulations. Regardless of the defects of the play itself, the acting was splendid. Paul Zeller was very adept in the role of Thomas Strange. Jerome Hutter appeared well and acted equally well in his feminine part. To James Diedrich and Carl Bricker goes the credit of creating the humorous situations which were productive of genuine mirth. Jack Martin evinced much dramatic ability. Kenneth Couhig, although small of stature for such a heavy role, did himself credit in his interpretation of the character of Jonathan Black. To these and the remaining characters we say: "Well done."

The difficulty of obtaining a good play of this type, and the fact that a large number of plays in recent years have been of this type, leads us to hope that the Columbian Literary Society will henceforth direct its efforts into new dramatic fields.

MUSICAL SELECTIONS

Overture: Romantique	Keler-Bela
Aragonaise	Bizet
Prelude	Rachmaninoff

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Dwenger Mission Unit, a veteran among Collegeville's social organizations, has for its praiseworthy objective: "To promote the spiritual and material interests of home and foreign missions, particularly by forwarding educational activities." Much to the credit of its officers and the cooperation of its members, the success of this organization in past years has been truly remarkable. That the success of previous years might be emulated a meeting was held on November 3 for the purpose of electing competent officers. The honor of Presidency

was given to Albert Van Nevel, an enthusiastic mission worker and erstwhile Treasurer of the Unit. Francis McCarthy, a zealous worker in all his endeavors, received the Vice-Presidency. The men chosen for the offices of Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian were John Hoorman, Henry Ward, and John Foreman, respectively. When the elections were completed, the Reverend Moderator, Father Cyrille F. Knue, C.P.P.S., spoke briefly on the aims of the society for the ensuing year.

Although the D.M.U. was somewhat late in becoming organized, we feel assured that it will make rapid strides in the furthering of its noble aspirations. Our convictions are substantiated by the appointments since made by the President, who selected James O'Connor for the responsible position of Catholic Action leader, Robert Beckman for the position of Publicity Chairman, and Gerald Meyer for the exalted office of Chief Marshal.

A campaign is now in progress to have one hundred percent membership. The enthusiasm of the members, the ability of the selected officers, and a decided enkindling of the real mission spirit are harbingers of a very successful year.

RALEIGH CLUB

Pool balls crashing at the "break," the rhythm of the ping-pong ball; card sharks rapping knuckles on hard-wood tables; the blare of raucous voices blending unharmoniously with the music of the radio; the rush of feet; the scraping of chairs — all combine in transforming the pool-room into a bedlam of nerve-shattering, senseless noises. Nevertheless it is

this very thing which quickens the step, brightens the eye, and stimulates the pulse of every true Raleigh Club member. This room, vibrant with life, is in no way conducive to melancholy or depression — hence the ready smile, the sympathetic ear, the spirit of fellowship, which always prevail when a group is gathered there.

Contrasting sharply with the din of the pool-room is the air of hushed attention that pervades the upper card-room, especially on program nights. We may say with certainty that the programs staged thus far are far superior to those of preceding years. We feel that it is only fair to state that the high light of every program has been the singing of Robert Sciulli, and the ever pleasant strains of the Club orchestra under the direction of George Muresan. Another entertaining innovation has been "Amateur night," the first of which was a splendid success.

The Club is looking forward to several

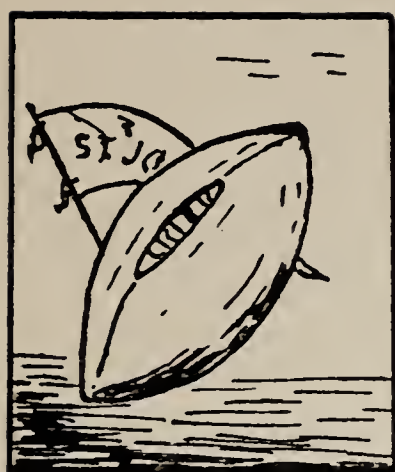
improvements promised by the Reverend Moderator in the form of additional decorations, repairs on the pool tables, and a new radio. Judging by the interest displayed, we see that most of the members are also anticipating the card tournaments to be held in the near future.



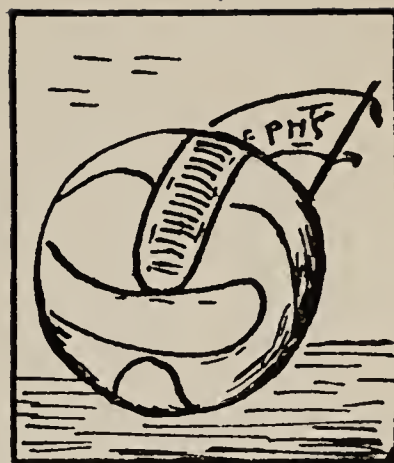
MONOGRAM CLUB

Life runs smoothly and quietly on in the Monogram Club. The privileged few, who by their courageous struggling for their school have won the right to enjoy the club's soothing atmosphere, seek it out as a haven of rest and relaxation. The principle underlying the idea of the Monogram Club is the age old truth that only after the work is done can rest be sweet. It is on that same principle that we, who have not the good fortune to be among their number, congratulate the Monogram Club men on what they have accomplished and hope for their full success in their further battles for St. Joe.





SPORTS



Spartans' Power Plays and Passes Beat Cards 27 - 0

St. Joe drops tilt to Manchester after valiant first-half stand

The St. Joe Cardinals, expected to collapse before the heavy Manchester Spartans, were heroes of a great first-half stand that has no parallel in St. Joseph football history. Manchester's manpower and reserve strength were the factors that finally determined the issue, after the "Saints" had outmaneuvered the gold and black warriors throughout the first half. The over-confident Manchester team was shocked by the viciousness of St. Joe's daring offense and indomitable defense. It was only when wave after wave of Spartan replacements had been injected into the fray that their power began to tell on the weary but dogged Cards. Once under way, however, the Spartan machine clicked effectively to roll up twenty-seven points in the last half.

Manchester launched its initial assault in an efficient, business-like way by marching the opening kickoff back to St. Joe's thirty yard line. There the Cardinals crushed their onslaught when Fred Jones wormed through to smother a gold and black fumble. St. Joe began to show its teeth. A pass and lateral to O'Keefe, a long end sweep by Scharf, a wide lateral to Hatton, and the oval was in scoring position. Here, however, a Manchester back intercepted

a short St. Joe pass to halt the Cardinal advance. But Captain Gaffney quickly tamed the Spartan rally when he leaped high and snatched a pass from the clutching fingers of a gold and black receiver.

After another brilliant advance St. Joe was driven back to its very goal line when a Manchester splurge carried the oval to the Cardinal eight yard line. The ramble was cut short when St. Joe ends, smacking hard and fast into the Spartan interference, crushed the plays in their inception. Here St. Joe began its epoch making thrust, displaying a most versatile passing attack. Beautifully executed passes furthered the ball from their own eight to the forty yard stripe. Sapp, wiry Spartan threat, stopped the Cardinal wave only momentarily when he intercepted a St. Joe pass, for Johnson, swivel-hipped St. Joe back, retrieved the ball by grabbing a toss from the very hands of a Manchester end. St. Joe's march went on. After Johnson had rifled a bullet pass to O'Keefe for a sizable gain, the latter floated back from his end position to flip a long unerring heave into the waiting arms of Johnson who stood on the six yard line. The half time gun cut short the crowd's roar for a touchdown.

The second half was neither so pleas-

ant nor so glorious for the gallant St. Joe team. On the second play after the kickoff Manchester scored on a long soaring pass to Weaver. From then on the golden avalanche could not be checked by the flagging Cards. A spread formation resulted in Manchester's second touchdown when Buffenbarger, coming from nowhere, romped across the Cardinal goal line. The third period ended with the score 14-0 in favor of Manchester.

A quintuple threat labeled Banat carried on for the Spartans in the fourth quarter to add six points to their total. Later, Sapp, aggravated St. Joe's misery by scoring from the forty-nine yard line after a long twisting sprint. The final score, Manchester 27, St. Joe 0.

St. Joe's unwavering line deserves much credit for the team's remarkable first half stand. Opposed by fresh Manchester giants at every turn, they fought like heroes to the final gun. Glorioso, Badke, Dreiling, Foos, Gaffney, Jones, and O'Keefe all performed with bulldog courage. The work of Steininger and Smolar, playing their last game for St. Joe, bordered on stardom as they batted passes down mercilessly and tackled viciously to uphold their reputations as Cardinal satellites.

Sport Shorts

Coach DeCook, strong in the belief that training is one of the prime requisites for speed and alertness on a squad, seeks th cooperation of every student at St. Joe in helping the team keep the rules of training. He requests especially that students do not offer members of the squad cigarettes or anything else that would impair their physical condition.

Resplendent new uniforms grace the

Statistics

	St. Joe	Manchester
First downs	6	17
Passes attempted	13	23
Passes completed	3	8
Yds. from scrimmage	131	360
Yds. from passes	90	87
Total yds. from punts	282	112
Average, punts	28¼	22¼
Penalties	5	80

Lineup

St. Joe		Manchester
Gaffney	L. E.	Yarger
Jones	L. T.	Alman
Foos	L. G.	McCleary
Glorioso	C.	Schere
Dreiling	R. G.	Townsend
Badke	R. T.	Hollinger
O'Keefe	R. E.	Driver
Smolar	Q. B.	Banat
Scharf	L. H.	Buffenbarger
Steininger	R. H.	Etnire
Hatton	F. B.	Hutchin

Substitutions:

St. Joe: O'Riley, Johnson, Weaver, Petit, Bonifas, Kosalko, Henrikson, Westhoven, Moore, Penny.

Manchester: Disler, Sapp, Bevington, Robinett, Snyder, Wade, Hoover, Hopper, Hoge DeBois Williams, Weaver, Cordior, Curless.

Officials: Referee — Allen, Purdue
Head Linesman — Bausman, Purdue

Cardinal team this year. Scintillating purple silk pants, showy jerseys, and colorful jackets make the team as flashy in appearance as they are in play.

Brother Cletus, publicity agent for the St. Joe varsity teams, has contributed his bit to the appearance of the squad by donating cardinals to be sewn on each jacket. Thank you, Brother!

SPORTS

1935 Football Roster

No.	Player	Pos.	Weight	Years on Squad	Home
58	Andres, Ed.	H.	160	1	Peru, Indiana
39	Badke, Bernard	T.	185	1	Chicago, Illinois
38	Bonifas, Caspar	G.	162	2	Ft. Recovery, Ohio
35	Bubala, Edward	H.	168	1	Whiting, Indiana
43	Dreiling, Norbert	G.	182	1	Victoria, Kansas
51	Ferencak, Andrew	Q.	146	2	Youngstown, Ohio
28	Foos, Earl	G.	168	3	Shelby, Ohio
26	Gaffney, Cyril	E.	170	2	Chicago, Illinois
40	Glorioso, Rosario	C.	140	2	Lorain, Ohio
59	Hatton, Robert	F.	190	2	Rensselaer, Indiana
49	Henrikson, Leslie	E.	175	1	Whiting, Indiana
31	Johnson, Edward	H.	155	1	Chicago, Illinois
29	Jones, Fred	T.	170	1	Gary, Indiana
37	Kosalko, Henry	T.	175	2	Whiting, Indiana
46	Moore, Woodford	G.	162	1	Rushville, Indiana
33	O'Keefe, William	E.	178	1	Chicago, Illinois
41	O'Riley, Ralph	Q.	160	2	Rensselaer, Indiana
56	Penny, Ward	C.	205	2	Rochester, New York
55	Pequignot, James	H.	145	1	Versailles, Ohio
47	Petit, Earl	F.	160	1	Cincinnati, Ohio
27	Scharf, Richard	H.	146	2	Fostoria, Ohio
53	Schmidt, Edward	T.	158	1	Charleston, Kansas
34	Smolar, Joseph	Q.	135	2	Whiting, Indiana
36	Steininger, Fred	H.	168	2	Gary, Indiana
57	Tippman, Harry	G.	150	1	Gary, Indiana
26	Weaver, Paul	E.	170	1	New Bavaria, Ohio
30	Westhoven, Joseph	T.	159	2	Fostoria, Ohio

Intramural Sports

Fifths Roll over Seconds 31 - 0

Seconds give Courageous Battle

Lead by Kenneth Couhig, a sturdy phalanx of fifth year linemen repeatedly punched gaping holes in the second year line to pave the way for the college freshmen's decisive victory. Dorsten and Leugers, speedy backs, and Kelley, accurate passer of the Fifths, accounted for the victors' successful offensive exploits.

The touchdowns came in almost every possible way. Two touchdowns came in the first period, one in the third and one in the fourth. Mattingly, Kolanski and Thompson were outstanding performers in the college freshmen's stone wall.

For the Seconds there is the honor which goes to any team that fights against the inevitable. Scored on twice in the opening period, once by a sixty yard return of a punt by Dorsten, the "Jungmen" rallied to shut off any more scoring in that half, and again in the last half twice took the ball away on downs deep in their own territory. "Pinky and Toots," the Kochis twins, and John Cunningham, stellar linemen of the Seconds, gave a good exhibition of the "Jungmen's" fighting spirit.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

LINEUP

Fifth Year		Second Year
Thompson	L.E.	Ormsby
Kolanski	L.T.	Kinney
Hendricks	L.G.	Cunningham
Couhig (C)	C.	P. Kochis (C)
Morrison	R.G.	Chambers
Mattingly	R.T.	G. Kochis
Gruber	R.E.	Borchers
Kelley	Q.	Fordyce
Weishaar	L.H.	McNamara
Dorsten	R.H.	Bubala
Leugers	F.	Exely

Touchdowns: Leugers 2, Dorsten 1, Weishaar 1, Gruber 1.

Points after touchdown: Weishaar 1.

Subs. for Fifths: Wolski, Anthamatten, Hagman.

Subs. for Seconds: Moorman, Saurer, Hogan.

Referee, Doody. Field Judge, John McCarthy. Head Linesman, Manderbach.

Sixths Crush Seconds 64 - 0

The sixth year's title bound steam roller flattened out the second year grid-iron hopefuls without difficulty. Running behind a powerful line composed of such stalwarts as F. McCarthy, Hoorman, and Lengerich, the fast stepping and elusive backfield of the seniors hung up the highest score of the season.

The blue and gold of '36, operating under their usual system of always welcoming opportunity's command, jammed over two touchdowns in the first ten minutes of the game. Lengerich received the opening kickoff on the forty yard line and returned it to the Second's thirty. On the second down Hoevel, on the first of his four scoring dashes of the day, made the initial touchdown. A few minutes later the Seconds, forced to make a hurried punt by the Sixth's rushing linemen, gave the ball to the Seniors on the losers' twenty-eight yard marker. After two attempts at the line, Muresan repeated the touchdown incident when he whirled through an opening between tackle and guard on the left side of the line.

With scoring coming so easily, the Seniors set out to make football history at St. Joe by running up the highest

score attained in intramural competition for many years past. Striking through the air, advancing on running plays, making breaks and taking fullest advantage of them, the blue and gold continued to score until they had reached the tally of sixty-four. Stack had the honor of ending the scoring streak by nabbing Froelich's pass for a twenty yard touchdown dash in the last few minutes of the game.

Credit must be given to Bubala, McNamara, and Kinney, mainstays of the Seconds, who, although they knew it to be futile, tried hard to hold their superiors in check.

LINEUP

Sixths		Seconds
Stack	L.E.	Ormsby
Lengerich (C)	L.T.	Kinney
Trame	L.G.	Foley
Hoorman	C.	P. Kochis
Shank	R.G.	Cunningham
F. McCarthy	R.T.	G. Kochis
Zukowski	R.E.	Borchers
J. McCarthy	Q.	McNamara
Hoevel	L.H.	Bubala (C)
Froelich	R.H.	Moorman
Muresan	F.	Payne

SPORTS

Touchdowns: Hoevel 4, Muresan 2, Stack 1, Lengerich 1, Froelich 1.
Points after touchdown: Muresan 2, Hoevel 1, McCarthy 1.
Subs. for Sixths: Doody.

Subs. for Seconds: Exely, Hogan, Mullins, Vance.
Referee, Manderbach. Field Judge, Curosh.
Head Linesman, Danehy.

Fifths and Fourths Fight a Deadlock 6 - 6
Both Teams Score in Second Half

A light but fighting fourth year team gave the intramural fans a classic football game when they fought a fierce deadlock with a heavy college frosh team. The Fourths slightly outplayed the college freshmen throughout the game, completing six passes out of thirteen to the Fifth's three out of ten, and hanging up seven first downs to the freshmen's five.

The entire first half of the terrific struggle was a story of two fighting lines which stood shoulder to shoulder and battered away at each other for thirty minutes of savage football. Curosh of the Fourths gave the best individual performance of the first half by his vicious tackling which played no little part in holding the college freshmen in check.

With the third period well on its way, it looked as if the second half would be a duplicate of the first two periods, but Manderbach started the fireworks when he intercepted a Fifth year pass and ran forty yards to the freshmen's six yard line. On the first play Judy Thurin wheeled through left tackle and was dropped on the one yard marker. Full-back Schwieterman plunged over left guard on the last down for the first score of the game. Hinton's try for the extra point failed.

At the opening of the fourth period the Fifths rallied with a daring aerial attack that caught the high school seniors in

their tracks. By completing three long consecutive forward passes, they advanced from their own thirty yard line to score a touchdown and tie the score. The attempt at conversion failed. The Fourths would have scored again in the last few minutes of the game when Sheehan, their diminutive end, snagged a forward pass heaved by Thurin and was dashing for a goal, but Dame Fortune frowned on the high school seniors' last effort; Sheehan stumbled and was downed on the ten yard line.

LINEUP

Fifths		Fourths
Thompson	L.E.	Sheehan
Kolanski	L.T.	Hinton
Hendricks	L.G.	Flannigan
Couhig (C)	C.	Wilk
Morrison	R.G.	Bannon
Mattingly	R.T.	Diller
Gruber	R.E.	Sciulli
Kelley	Q.	Curosh
Weishaar	L.H.	Schmock
Wolski	R.H.	Manderbach
Leugers.	F.	Schwieterman

Touchdowns: Fifths: Wolski. Fourths: Schwieterman.

Subs. for Fifths: Hagman.

Subs. for Fourths: Thurin, Fey, Wolf, Foreman.

Referee, Doody. Field Judge, McCarthy.
Head Linesman, Fecher.

Fourths Topple Seconds 26 - 0

Score Three Touchdowns in First Period

The Fourth Year went on a rampage to turn over the second year for a margined victory that gave the high school seniors second place in the intramural league. Given powerful assistance from a rugged and hard driving line, which broke in to hurry the Seconds' passers and kickers, the Fourths' backfield found the opportunity to make all their touchdowns on short marches.

Captain Curosh made the initial touchdown for the Fourths when he intercepted Bubala's pass and raced thirty yards to score. Hinton kicked the placement for the extra point and a few minutes later added six more points by picking up a blocked punt and jaunting ten yards for a touchdown. Schwieterman plunged over the line to score the third touchdown of the first period. The Fourths' last touchdown came in the final period of the game.

The Seconds, though badly beaten, unleashed an amazing display of deceptive laterals and football pyrotechnics that

gave them numerous long gains. Exely and "Squeaky" Moorman did most of the ground gaining for the Seconds; McNamara was the bane of the Seconds' defense.

LINEUP

Fourths		Seconds
Sheehan	L.E.	Ormsby
Hinton	L.T.	Kenny
Flannigan	L.G.	Foley
Wilk	C.	Kochis
Bannon	R.G.	Cunningham
Diller	R.T.	Kochis
Sciulli	R.E.	Hogan
Curosh	Q.	McNamara
Schmock	L.H.	Moorman
Manderbach	R.H.	Bubala
Schwieterman	F.	Exely

Touchdowns: Fourths: Curosh 2, Schwieterman 1, Hinton 1.

Points after touchdown: Hinton, 1, Schwieterman 1.

Subs. for Fourths: Rueve, Fey, Wolf, Foreman.

Subs. for Seconds: Payne, Chambers, Borchers.

Sixths Trounce Thirds 26 - 0

Seniors Finish Season Unscored Upon

After crushing a stubborn Third Year team in the last game of the intramural football season, the Sixths' mighty gridmen brought their title winning steam roller to a stop. With this final victory, the class of '36 won a deserved championship. Besides winning all their games they have the honor of remaining unscored upon all season.

This is the first football crown that the blue and gold has won in its five years of intramural competition. Before

their final victory was written on the scarred sod of St. Joe's gridiron the Sixths found to their great surprise a resilient third year team that would not yield to their mighty power. The Thirds, determined to score upon the team that had never had its goal crossed by an opponent all season, gave a first quarter battle that rocked the Seniors in their shoes. With Brunner, Rosser, Skees, and Schuster, Thirds' ironmen, hurling their strength at the Sixths with tigerish

SPORTS

ferociousness, the blue and gold appeared as if it might soon succumb to their assault. The Seniors, however, remained true to their colors and warded off the threats in desperate last stands.

In the second quarter the seniors opened up and began to exhibit the brand of football for which they are famed. "Bosco" Zimmerman, Sixths' versatile left-half, led the seventy yard drive which ended in "Bugs" Muresan, Sixths' giant full-back, making the first touchdown of the game by a plunge through the line. Muresan also made the conversion.

For the rest of the game the Thirds remained mostly on the defensive, and the blue and gold's shifty backfield continued to dash around the ends, squirm through the line, and slash off tackle to win by a very decisive score.

The third year, however, has no need

of apology for its players. The stirring first period, in which they played superb football, shows that they have real players on their team. They were beaten because they could not continue to match the sixths' power and experience.

LINEUP

Sixths		Thirds
Stack	L.E.	Doyle
Lengerich	L.T.	Skees
Trame	L.G.	Weber
Hoorman	C.	Schuster
Shank, V.	R.G.	Carney
McCarthy, F.	R.T.	Harrington
Froelich	R.E.	Cyr
McCarthy, J.	Q.	Rosser
Hoevel	L.H.	Krill
Zimmerman	R.H.	Sowar
Muresan	F.	Brunner

Substitutions: Thirds: Ley, Francis, Borgert, Renner.

Touchdowns: Muresan 1, Stack 2, Froelich 1. Points after touchdowns: Froelich 1, Muresan 1.

Intramural League Standing

	W.	L.	T.P.	O.P.
Sixths	4	0	124	0
*Fourths	2	1	45	19
*Fifths	2	1	43	27
Seconds	1	3	7	127
Thirds	0	4	6	52
*—tied game				

Intramural All-Star Teams

A committee of St. Joe sportmen have endeavored to select an all star team which they believe is representative of the intramural league. Therefore, prepared to be deluged with criticism, the Sports Department presents its intramural all-star elevens.

LINEUP

First Team		Second Team
Cyr	L.E.	Stack
Hinton	L.T.	Shank

Lengerich	L.G.	Mattingly
Couhig	C.	Hoorman
Trame	R.G.	Cunningham
Kolanski	R.T.	Bannon
Froelich	R.E.	Sheehan
Curosh	Q.	McCarthy
Zimmerman	R.H.	Dorsten
McNamara	L.H.	Hoevel
Muresan	F.	Leugers

Honorable mention: Schwieterman, Ormsby, Krill, Brunner, and Foley.

St. Joe Faces Heavy Basketball Card

Games marked H are at home

December

2 Anderson College	H
5 Central Normal College	H
7 Notre Dame B Team	
10 Huntington College	H
13 Kokomo College	
17 Valparaiso University	
20 Gallagher College	H

January

11 Kokomo College	H
15 Valparaiso University	H
18 Joliet Junior College	H
23 Central Normal College	

February

4 Manchester College	H
8 Huntington College	
15 Notre Dame B Team	H
22 Joliet Junior College	
25 Manchester College	
29 Concordia College	H

March

4 Gallagher College	
---------------------	--

One glance at such a comprehensive schedule as this would make many large four year colleges gasp with bewilderment; it is easily the toughest card that has been arranged for any Cardinal basketball team in late years. With such a disconcerting thought in mind Coach DeCook inaugurated routine practice sessions immediately after the completion of the football campaign. Although the squad that composes the varsity is

relatively small, it is formed of seasoned veterans either from last year's team or from some of the best of our middle west high schools.

The 1935-'36 team will be handicapped to no small extent by the graduation of two of last year's most dependable players, Co-captains "Butch" Downey and "Ed" Hession. Their courage and indomitable team spirit will be greatly missed. "Cy" Gaffney, high point man in the Indiana conference last year; "Ed" Andres, gunning guard; "Dick" Scharf, speedy, faking forward; dependable "Red" VanNevel; and "Robby" Hatton, rangy center, are back to fight for their old positions. Among the new men there are quite a few bright prospects: "Barney" Badke, lithe Titan, seems to have the center position well in hand; "Cocky" Dougherty, flashy guard; "Jake" Moran; "Sid" Anderson; and "Jack Weyer are also hopeful candidates.

With such an influx of stars Coach DeCook believes that the current season will show an improvement over last year in spite of the heavy schedule. He has height and speed on his team this year, and if the players cooperate he should weld together a victorious quintet.

The student body will stand behind you, team! Let's win those games.

High School to have Varsity Basketball Team

St. Joe, already well represented by a college varsity, will also have a high school varsity this year. The aim and purpose of a high school squad is to build up material for future college teams and to provide preliminary games on the home floor.

By stressing correct shooting, passing, dribbling, faking and accurate ball hand-

ling, Coach DeCook endeavored to impress the rudiments of the game upon the forty young aspirants for the squad. But since it was impossible to work competently with so large a group, the coach has found it necessary to retain only those eighteen who performed best in the opening practices.

The coach is fortunate in having on

S P O R T S

his high school squad "Whitey" Moorman and "Streaky" Voors, members of last year's college squad; and "Judy" Thurin, Manderbach, and Hanpeter, stars of last year's intramural league. Among the new men who appear as likely prospects are: Petit, a junior, who is well over six feet tall; the Eder twins; and Sowar.

An envious schedule has been arranged for the high school team in its first

year of outside competition. The team will play two games with Catholic Central of Hammond and one game each with Monon, Remington, Rensselaer, and Mount Ayr High Schools. Moreover, as the season progresses other games will be added to the schedule.

The sports department predicts that Coach DeCook will find a winning combination in this squad of coming netmen.





HUMOR



Judge: "Do you challenge any of the jury?"

Wiemels: "Well I think I can lick that little guy on the end."

Voors: "What is a budget?"

Ameling: "Oh, just a method of worrying before you spend rather than after."

Mr. (showing his wife around the office): "And these are the books over which I slave all day."

Mrs: "Yes, and now show me the night books?"

Mr: "The night books?"

Mrs: "Yes, those that keep you here till two in the morning."

Old Lady (horrified): "Give me that cigarette this instant!"

M. Andres: "Ah, gwan! buy your own cigarettes."

Boyle (watching a Holy Name parade): "Gee, who are those men dressed in red?"

Klyczek: "Those are cardinals, stupid."

Boyle: "Which one is Dizzy Dean?"

Ben Shank: "What! the main road to Winamac is open all the way?"

Friend: "Yes, we had to open it until we could get the detour fixed."

Prof: "How high can you count?"

G. Bubala: "1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-Jack-Queen-King."

When you see a dog leading a man, you know that the man is blind, but when you see a man leading a dog you know that the man is leading a dog's life.

V. Shank: "I have a chance on the baseball team."

Hutter: "When are they going to raffle it off?"

Niemetz: "How much are these apples?"

Vendor: "Fifteen cents a peck."

Niemetz: "What do you think I am, a bird?"

Doody: "Writing home?"

Foos: "Yeah."

Doody: "Mind making a carbon?"

Westhoven: "Our new minister is simply wonderful. He brings home things that you never saw before."

Steininger: "That's nothing, we have a laundry that does the very same thing."

Shields: "I wonder why there are more motor accidents than train accidents?"

Johnson: "Well, you never heard of a fireman hugging an engineer."

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Missing Man"

—PLUS—

Margaret Lindsay

Warren Hull

in

"Personal Maid's

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Dec. 15-16-17

Dick Powell

Ann Dvorak

in

"Thanks a Million"

Wed., Thur., Dec. 18-19

Miriam Hopkins

Edw. G. Robinson

Joel McCrea

in

"Barbary Coast"

Sun., Mon., Tues.,

Dec. 22-23-24

Clark Gable —

Loretta Young

"Call of the Wild"

Wed. Thurs. Dec. 25-26

Wallace Beery

Lionel Barrymore

in

"Ah! Wilderness"

Sun. Mon. Tues.,

Dec. 29-30-31

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I always admit I'm wrong."

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Finan: "Well, do you see those steps over there?"

Sheehan: "Yes."

Finan: "Well, Hanpeter didn't."

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Manderbach: "Yes, so the man at the service station tells me."

Morrison (Writing to his mother):
"The boys shoot a lot of craps here."

Reply: "Now Gus, don't you shoot the
poor little things; they have as much
right to live as you have."

Charles Halleck
Abraham Halleck

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Schroeder: "Blondes!"

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